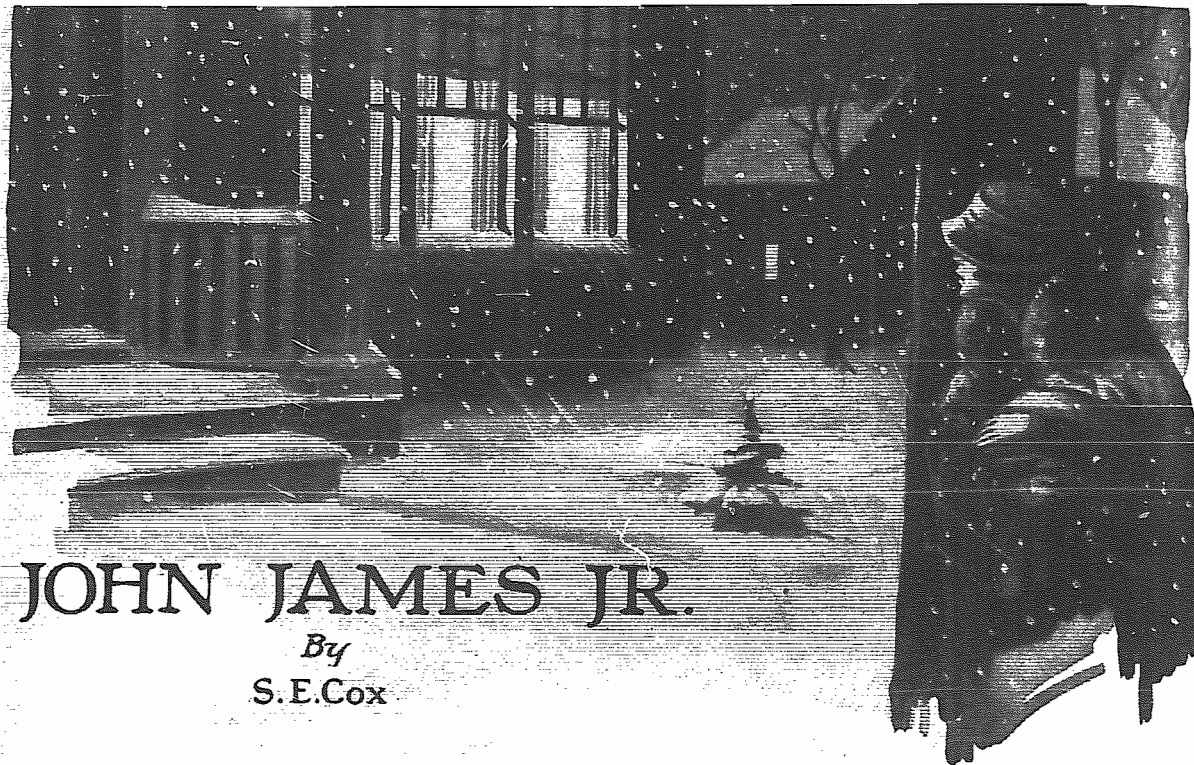


THE CHRISTMAS STORY BY THE LIGHT OF A WESTERN FIRESIDE IN A PRAIRIE SETTLER'S HOME



JOHN JAMES JR.

By
S.E.Cox

THE SNOW was falling in thick, soft flakes—falling steadily from an inky sky. The gaunt, bare outlines of the giant maples that bordered Prospect Avenue were edged in white. The cement sidewalk on the north side of Main Street—the one-time pride of Williamsport—was covered with a four-inch carpet of snow, heavy with moisture, and marked by foot-tracks from the Eureka Drug Store to the Postoffice. The globes on the light standards on Main Street were covered with the softly falling flakes, and the light generated from the Williamsport Power and Light Co. plant, the installation of which had been the occasion of a public holiday in that city, struggled vainly to pierce the gloom. A few belated purchasers of Christmas Eve supplies were abroad, and the stores were still open to accommodate them.

At the east end of Main Street, a store window gleamed with light, emphasizing the heavy red and blue lettering which told the inhabitants of Williamsport that this was the home of the Salvation Army. Inside the hall several red and blue clad figures were examining the valves of sundry battered band instruments, and tightening the cords of the drum. The Williamsport Corps, even in the days of the early nineties, followed the time-honored custom of Christmas Eve serenading.

From the window of a substantially built home on Prospect Avenue gleamed the light of blazing logs, and the solitary figure in front of the open fireplace, thrown into relief by the occasional glare. The light seemed to attract and hold the attention of the shrinking figure of the woman with the heavy bundle in her arms—the only moving object on Prospect Avenue. Several times she passed the window—clinging to the shadow of the maples when a flicker of light touched her features. Several times she approached the door—then hesitated and drew back into the gloom. At length, with a choking sob, she stumbled up the steps to the front door—deposited the bundle carefully on the threshold, then running as if the furies were behind her, disappeared into the night. The conductor on the East Bound noticed the tear-stained face of a woman, her garments wet with snow, who boarded his train at Williamsport, and shook his

head as she alighted at Alexis, the nearest big town to Williamsport. The police authorities at Alexis were frankly puzzled when the body of a woman was found on Christmas morning, floating amidst the broken ice of the river. Too bad! Sadness even on Christmas Day. They were never able to secure identification, and a brief notation in the police records at Alexis was her only obituary.

Sergeant-Major John James Thomas, of the Williamsport Corps, was one of the town's most substantial citizens. The Thomas Lumber Company, the Williamsport Light and Power Company, and the local Corps of the Salvation Army were some of the products of his labor. In the days when Williamsport was only a "local" stop, the sergeant-major, then a young man in his early thirties, had bought a timber tract in the surrounding hills. The Thomas Lumber Company—hardwood, ties and building material—was the outcome. With the later advent of the canning factory and the knitting mill, power was an absolute necessity—hence the Williamsport Power and Light Company. With the growth of the population, the Salvation Army had also become a necessity, resulting in a letter from the president of the Thomas Lumber Company to the D. O. at Alexis to this effect—"if you will send an officer, I will stand by him." The Officer was sent—the Methodist church missed the regu-nerseyed figure of John James Thomas, who had attended the services so faithfully, but insisted upon wearing his uniform—a corps was started; the Captain and Sergt.-Major Thomas were the corps; but it grew with the town, and the Sergt.-Major was happy.

But one Christmas Eve, his wife Jennie, his only love, his greatest joy, his inspiration, had slipped quietly away into the land of the Shadows, leaving John James Thomas alone—grief-stricken—childless. He presently lifted his head and faced life as God seemed to have ordered it, but his home on Prospect Avenue was strangely silent and memory-laden for this lonely man. As each succeeding Christmas Eve had rolled around, Sergeant Major Thomas had kept trust with Jennie. With his chair in front of the blazing log fire, and his eyes on the photograph of a woman with kindly gray eyes, hanging over the mantle, John

James Thomas faithfully and fearlessly reviewed the passing year. Such had been his custom since Jennie had left him, and such was his occupation on the Christmas Eve on which our story opens—and this fact also gives us the explanation for the absence of the Sergeant-Major from the company of serenaders gathered in the store at the east of Main Street.

"Not much to tell this year, old girl," he said, as he leaned back in his chair and stirred the logs with his foot, "just about the same as last year. Little more money in the bank. Lumber Company doing well considering, crops growing some, too, thank God. Can't see I've done much, Jennie—maybe not all I should have—but I've played the game, old girl. My money's clean—I've been square—I've tried to do what you would have said to do, and what you did say to do before you went away. Perhaps God will see something good in it all."

Thus he soliloquized, while the light of the logs played on the lines of his face and touched his rapidly graying hair. "Guess I'll just read our chapter, and say good-night to you, Jennie," and after a brief silence the steady voice of John James Thomas spoke the words, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given—"

Closing the Book, the Sergeant-Major arose from his chair, and squaring his shoulders, looked long into the gray eyes that seemed to smile so understandingly into his own. At that moment the sound of distant music reached his ears, and with a smile he strode to the door. For some moments he stood in the doorway, looking out into the snowy night, listening with a strange tightening at his throat and a prayer in his heart. Suddenly another sound, strangely unusual, reached his ear and drew his eyes to the shadows at his feet. He drew back in astonishment and then reached for the bundle. Amazement gripped him as he turned back the covers and the light of the fire fell on the face of the child. Two tiny gray eyes looked into his own. Dropping the bundle into the chair, he stepped quickly to the door. Not a moving object anywhere—only the falling snow that had long since obliterated the foot-prints of the woman.

Closing the door, he stepped back to the

chair, and stood gazing as if hypnotized, at the little stranger.

"Well, by cracky!" he muttered. The Sergeant-Major abhorred slang. His only recognition of this mode of expression was the phrase—"by cracky"—and this only escaped him when under stress of some unusual excitement.

"Where did you come from, young fellow, and who are you, anyway?" he inquired, and the baby's answering gurgle did not enlighten him.

Lifting the child with unaccustomed hand, his eye fell upon an envelope pinned to the tiny garments.

"Maybe this will throw some light on the mystery," he said, as with one hand he fumbled with the note. "What's this?" He read—

"Be good to my baby. He was born right, and his name is John James!"

"Well, by cracky!" The Sergeant-Major's consternation increased. "So your name's John James, eh—you and me's alike there. But what's your other name, and what can I do with you? Guess your mammy must a thought a powerful lot of you," as he examined the tiny garments and noticed the white silk monogram worked on each. "John James, eh," he muttered. "Now that's curious—and you look like a mighty fine kid to me. Not that I know much about that subject, John James—know more about mules—but you look like a thoroughbred to me. Wish I knew your pedigree. Only thing I can see to do with you is to hand you over to the League of Mercy. 'Hi What's that?' The Sergeant-Major turned rapidly, holding the child tighter as he did so.

"Could have declared I heard something. Sounded like a voice to me." He stood silent, and listened, and then caught himself repeating the words—"For unto us a child is born—unto us a Son is given—"

Suddenly the habit of years asserted itself, and his eyes sought the picture. "What shall I do with him, Jennie?" he asked. "He's a mighty nice looking boy, and his name's John James. What shall I do with him?"

He stepped closer to the picture. Did those eyes really smile back into his own? Was he "seeing things"—yet a second look only confirmed the first impression.

"You ain't saying to keep him, are you,

(Continued on page 22)



"For ahl the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again,
And they who see Him risen afar
At God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Desiring fair Jerusalem."

HUNDREDS of our Officers go every year from the lands of their birth to live and labor and die among strangers. The increase of education and the ever-growing facilities for travel have no doubt aided us in breaking down some of the prejudices which are felt against leaving the home country, but it is often, notwithstanding, a great sacrifice. We have made less of the matter in recent years because, for one thing, it has become so usual a thing with us. But it is still a very beautiful sign of the good hand of our God upon us that so many of our dear people, young Officers as well as the older and more experienced, are willing to go forth to any part of the earth without scrip or purse or promise of any kind, in search of precious souls, singing the while:

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime.
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

This interchange of much that is best and noblest among us works towards the union, not merely of our own forces, but of all the peoples. See what a brotherhood The Army has become! Every little child in it has a new world of love set before it. Every one in its ranks, down to the costermonger, the milkmaid and the washerwoman, gets new thoughts of the world, of the Kingdom of God, of the beauty of benevolence, of comrades in other lands, of the Armies of Jesus. Every common soldier hears about the duty of fighting for right side by side with others, hears of the persecutions others are enduring for Christ's sake, and finds new worlds of interest, new realms of sympathy, new depths of love. From nation to nation our leaders go, beloved everywhere. Gradually the idea of one great family grows, and ever grows, and will yet grow. Racial enmities and national prejudices die down in the breasts of Salvationists, and in them we see instead evangelists of the true brotherhood of man. Is not this a promise of the one fold, under the one Shepherd? Is it not a power for righteousness and peace? Is it not the dawn of a coming Day of Love? Is it not worth all the suffering and heart-break of the separations involved?

True to the great principle of sympathy which is the strength of all our work, the Army goes among what are, curiously

enough, called the Native Races as among brothers. Our Officers live with them, dress in a somewhat similar manner, eat their food, and in every way possible avoid alike the assumption of superiority and the attempt to impose upon them customs which are in no way necessary to their salvation, but which are calculated to raise great prejudice against the truth. This involves some considerable sacrifices of personal comfort and convenience, especially to Europeans, but it has been abundantly justified by the results.

As to the devotion and the thoroughness of many of our Officers who are working in heathen fields it is scarcely necessary to speak. Their praise has gone out unto all the earth. Even those who most condemn their rule of life are compelled to acknowledge their unflinching self-sacrifice for Christ's sake.

After spending some time among them in India as one of them, a lady friend of the Army wrote:

I am perfectly amazed at the strength given to endure that these Officers have. A fine girl from Dundee lives with her native girl-lieutenant in this village. She loves her people and her work, and the people almost worship her. Yet that beautiful affection has been got and retained by the

M—'s sister is head of it—a lovely woman . . . All my meals I eat on the floor. I wear no shoes. The mud floor is comfortable. Mats are about. Native clothes are a mercy in India! I never could have made that night-and-day railway journey, slept on a railway platform on camp bed and travelled by bullock-bandy for twenty-two hours without great distress, in European clothes. But I did not suffer as I was.

Writing from another district, commenting on the wonderful entree obtained for the Gospel, our friend says:

I watched a Salvation Army Officer wash his clothes in a river where sometimes tigers come to drink. It was moonlight, and I could easily see how the practised hand brought the cloth heavily down at a particular angle on the stone, so that the work was rapidly and effectually done. It struck me that I had never seen or heard of a settled European missionary in India washing his single change of raiment before. Why need such an elementary style of life be adopted? Then I had a new view of the elastic and wonderful devotion of the Army. In particular districts its Officers wash in rivers or tanks, be they clean or foul, that they may the more effectually become one with the poor people who have so washed their clothes from time immemorial! The simple



"Their request was soon made and the Major's heart was touched"

most severe sacrifices of personal comfort on her part. There are far, far further reaches all the way to Calvary than one could even dream of, yet these brave, devoted souls have risen to the case. No wonder God has blessed them so!

This house is a large native bungalow.

cloth and jacket and turban are hung up to dry and put on again without any ironing.

And what of the spirit in which this goes on? Well, of course, it is only possible at all in one spirit—the spirit of Jesus. Listen to this witness:

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OTHER LANDS

(Continued from page 3)

Compare this sort of evangelizing with hammering away weekly at Gospel-hardened people who have as much made up their minds to reject Christ as did Chorazin at Bethsaida! Truly they who have seen this "can never rest on earth again." The old life loses its grasp on one. All worldly considerations that would keep one at home seem contemptible, though dignified by the precedent of centuries. If you talk about the hardships of his or her lot to a Salvation Army Officer, you may hear things that may really appall you for the time, but just when you begin to think that they are bearing more than flesh and blood can, the Salvationist will turn a beaming smile on you, and with happiness in the voice tell you that the joys far overbalance the distress, and before you are aware you are being charmed out of your blues by a joyful chorus or hymn verse.

Gains Outweigh Losses

But that is not all. It is not only that "the joys far overbalance the distresses," but the gains far outweigh the losses. The harvests are abundantly more than the sowing, though in some cases the sowing costs us dear. It may be said that all our Officers in India have "hazarded their lives for Jesus Christ," and it is equally true that some have laid them down for His sake and the Gospel's. Their works do follow them, and once more the Scripture is fulfilled before our eyes, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Here is an illustration of what I mean:

The tender green of the rice fields had deepened into brown, harvest was past and the time of the rains at hand, when sorrow and sickness came into an Indian village in which as yet there was no representative of Jesus Christ.

"The cholera had come. Medicine they had none; advice, only that which the incantations of the priest or the wild shrieks of the devil-dancers could afford, and sorrow and dismay soon became a panic, which took possession of the plague-stricken hamlet. In a few days the dismay became despair. The dead lay unburied, the sick and dying uncared for, the sun glared pitilessly down on what would rapidly become a charnel house.

A Council of Headmen

At last the headmen of the village held a council together. To whom could they turn for help?

After a number of suggestions had been made, at last one of the men exclaimed, "My brothers, let us go to the Mukti-fauj, of whom we have heard. It is said that they are not afraid of cholera; yet they are one with us, and they will come and help us." So all that remained to be decided was who should form the deputation.

The next day a group of villagers, weary, despairing and spiritless, presented themselves before the white leader of the Salvationists for that district. Their request was soon made, and the Major's heart was touched, though, alas, it was heavy both from dark sorrow in his own little home and because he was now refusing help to the

helpless around him. "Wait," he said, "one day, and I will see what I can do for you."

"Among those who stood by while the villagers made their appeal were two Officers, Tamils by birth, who could have remained at their well-paid posts in office work, but the love of souls constrained them and they begged for a life for and with the people.

"May we not go back to the village with these men, Major?" pleaded the Captain earnestly, as soon as the deputation had retired. "Oh, give us this glorious chance!"

"But do you know anything of sickness?" asked the Major, doubtfully. "Have you any idea what a cholera-stricken village is like? What about the risk to yourselves; have you considered it?"

The Great Broadcast Message

To the ends of the earth has the Message passed,

From the mighty Heart of God broadcast: By His faithful Messengers then relayed To peoples of every land and grade, The world encircling with tidings grand, That all may the Message understand.

And the theme of the Message—the Saviour's Love, The Power of the Mighty God above. For every nation, every clime, For all men's needs, the Great Gift sublime

Of a saving power and redeeming grace For a sinning world and a fallen race.

On the swift waves of love has that Message flown:

No nobler work have God's people known Than to speed the tidings to lives enslaved

By superstition, by sin depraved. And many have tuned their hearts to hear, Been freed from sin, delivered from fear.

But many, oh! many, have not yet heard, Or refused to accept the precious Word. So speed the Message, swift let it fly, That some may receive as it passes by. And shall the Message hear at last, From the mighty heart of God broadcast!

I.R.

"Yes, yes, Major," interposed the Captain's wife, her dark eyes flashing with eagerness, "my husband knows something of medicine. God will go with us."

And a few hours later, with the yellow robes of the Army Officers fluttering in their train, the villagers were making their way home across the rice fields.

* * * *

The Captain showed himself so strong and wise and calm that the people felt they could lean on one who leaned on God. The dead were buried, the street looked almost as usual, and the Captain's wife carried comfort and hope to the sick, and gave them the only remedies which can avail against the awful scourge.

The little meetings held daily under the banyan-trees, with the songs and stories of the love and power of God and the Saviour, hallowed the village till even the hardest were forced to let in the beautiful influence and spirit of love.

After a little time a messenger arrived one day at the Headquarters.

"Come quickly," he said, "the Mukti-fauj is ill; the sickness has taken him!"

With such feelings as only those can understand who have seen their comrades

and loved ones torn from them at a few hours' notice, the Major and one or two with him set out for the village.

But it was all over—even now the grave was being dug, quite near to those the Captain himself had helped to make a day or two before.

"It was quick, Major, and peaceful," said the widow of an hour, with a strange light in her eyes. "He did not suffer much. We came here for life or death. God has chosen that it should be death. He belonged to God before he did to me." And then came the burial.

Risk is Too Great

"You must come back with us now," said the Major gently when they stood once more in the little empty hut. "I cannot allow you to remain; the risk is too great. Besides, the worst is over now, and the cholera has spent itself."

But the widow shook her head, and clasped her dark hands tighter together.

"If I leave them now," she said, "all my husband's work is undone. They will say, 'She is frightened. Her own life is more to her than our souls. Her God is not greater than our gods.' They do not believe my words, they only believe my actions. Ah, let me stay! Let me finish the work my husband died to do!" And her tears of entreaty fell thick and fast.

But the Major hesitated.

"One week," she pleaded; "only one week! Then if there are no more deaths, I leave and come to Headquarters; but give me one week to stay among the people." And the week was granted to her.

But twice only had the sun risen and set when a little group of weeping villagers carried her slowly in a litter over the rice fields back to the Divisional Headquarters, where, in spite of skill and love, she passed away to her Lord.

"What, then, have these two Tamil comrades accomplished?" I asked the Major who saw it all.

Will Never be Forgotten

"Accomplished?" he said. "Accomplished what will never be forgotten there, nor in any part of the district round. In that village I myself, not long after, helped the inhabitants to break and smash up their idols. Quite half the people in the place are now earnest Salvationists, trying to serve God. They have an Officer's quarters and barracks there, and the village itself forms part of a flourishing circle of corps, all the outcome of the life and death of those two dear comrades."

* * * *

This is sacred ground. I bow my head in silence in the presence of the Spirit of Calvary. Voices from out the receding past, and from the distant future also, seem to reach me. "If it die," says one, "If it die it bringeth forth much fruit—much fruit!" The world," cries another, "must believe witnesses who are ready to seal their testimony with their lives." Above them all I catch a heavenly echo, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

And I see as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that have gotten victory, having the harps of gold. Hallelujah!

Your Choice

*Oh, will you choose the way of Peace on this glad Christmas morn?
Christ holds a sacred gift to you—
The peace that He has borne—
And by accepting this you
Can to Jesus truly bring
That which He covets most of all—a
Heart to crown Him King.*

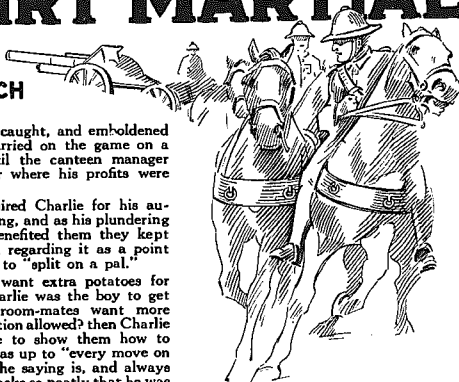
The Night of Old

*O, night of nights! when tidings came
That in the town of little fame,
A King was born whose holy flame
Should span the world around,
O, tenderous night! O, glad news to bring
"Peace on the Earth!" Jesus is King.
"Good will to man," bright angels sing,
Could sweeter words be found?*

TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL

A Story of Military Life

By Major S.A. Church



the table which was always used as a platform for the singers, and in a pompous way began his song—

"Oh, the wallaby bounded o'er the plain,
And the stockman called and called again,
Cooee, cooe, cooe."

Now, Charlie had quite a contempt for Boss-eye, and had said so if he ever sung his cooe song any more there would be a row. When, therefore, in open defiance of these threats, the same old song was heard Charlie caught hold of a pot of beer, and mounting on the table poured the contents down the neck of poor Boss-eye, saying as he did so, "That song is too dry, it wants wetting a bit."

In Rushed the Picket

An uproar immediately arose, and in the midst of the confusion in rushed the garrison picket.

"Seize those two men!" ordered the Sergeant, but Charlie was too quick for them to catch him. Darting to the back door, he rushed through it into the garden, with two of the picket hard after him. The garden stretched right back to the sea, and when Charlie got to the edge of it, without a moment's hesitation, he dived head-foremost into the water and struck out for home, while his pursuers were forced to retire baffled.

Past wharves, barges, and sailing vessels he swam, until he reached a little sandy beach at the base of a high cliff. Just above him were the barracks, and climbing steadily up the rocks he managed to get in unobserved, and was soon in his room.

Such is only one of Charlie's escapades, but it serves to show what sort of a lad he was before his conversion, and to what depths he was drifting when the Salvation Army got hold of him and led him to Jesus Christ to be made into a new creature.

CHAPTER II

THE SHINING OF A LIGHT

For many long months Charlie continued his downward career, going from bad to worse, and startling even his boon companions by the desperate things he would do. With a cool cheek and brazen impudence he would devise and carry out schemes for robbing the garrison canteen of various goods, and then, with his characteristic liberality, would give them out amongst his fellow-soldiers.

He was never caught, and emboldened by success he carried on the game on a larger scale, until the canteen manager began to wonder where his profits were going to.

The men admired Charlie for his audacity and cunning, and as his plundering habits greatly benefited them they kept it to themselves, regarding it as a point of honor (?) not to "split on a pal."

Did his mess want extra potatoes for dinner? then Charlie was the boy to get them! did his room-mates want more coal than Regulation allowed? then Charlie would undertake to show them how to obtain it. He was up to "every move on the board," as the saying is, and always covered up his tracks so neatly that he was never even suspected by his superiors. A great scheme that won him more popularity than anything amongst his special chums was the devising of a method for obtaining free beer at dinner time. Of course he had several confederates to help him in working out these schemes, but by means of bribery or intimidation he managed to secure their silence.

In spite of his astuteness, however, he could not manage to keep clear of the guard room for being drunk and disorderly, and on several occasions he was sentenced to a course of shot-drill in the military prison for some extraordinary reckless behaviour.

Deepest Sunk in Crime

The Christmas before his conversion was the awfullest in his history. The darkest hour seemed to be just before the dawn, and when, to all appearances, he was the deepest sunk in crime and wretchedness, then was the time when the blessed Christ shone into his soul and wrought a marvelous change in the poor lad's heart.

Charlie had been sent to a little outpost to attend to the guns there, and in consequence enjoyed more freedom than he ordinarily did when in barracks. He took full advantage of it, and set off one day for an extended tour of drinking. Not wishing to run the risk of capture in the town, he struck out for the country, and for a time held a high carnival at the different roadside resorts. His money soon gave out, but that little circumstance

A BRIGHT, merry-faced lad was Charlie Fox, in whom a great love of fun was combined with a daring disposition.

Left an orphan at an early age, he had been brought up in Muller's Home at Bristol till old enough to be apprenticed to the sea, and was then put aboard a vessel bound for Australia. Life before the mast was a hard one, but it proved beneficial to Charlie, for he grew into a sturdy lad with a bronzed and open countenance and a breezy manner that bespoke the sailor everywhere he went.

Enlisted in the Artillery

We will pass over his adventures while sailing amongst the islands of the Pacific and around Cape Horn, and come to the time when, tired of seafaring life, he enlisted in the British artillery and determined to try soldiering for awhile.

He was a very handy young fellow, and would, no doubt, have been rapidly promoted had he not given way to the many temptations that beset him in his new surroundings, and commenced to lead a dissipated life.

Charlie had a generous nature, was fond of relating his adventures to groups of listeners, and could also sing a good song. Thus he was considered quite an acquisition to the "boozing school" that he got in with, and he very soon learned to drink and smoke, and swear like the worst of them, and perhaps he could give points to the majority when he got into full swing.

He was a handy lad with his fists, too, as many of his pals discovered when they had the misfortune to arouse his temper, and several black eyes that appeared on parade after a Saturday night's brawl could have been traced to Gunner Fox had the Sergeant-Major pushed his enquiries far enough.

A favorite place of resort was "Tony's," which was the name given to a low public house in the small town at which the company was stationed. Here they would gather in the evenings, principally for the purpose of drinking beer, but filling in the time between drinks at playing cards, dominoes, and billiards, and relating stories to each other. When they all got drunk, started quarrelling, and finished up with a few fights, they would say the following day that they had a glorious time.

Took to the Water

It was on one such occasion that Charlie took to the water, in order to escape being captured by the military picket for his uproarious conduct, and how it happened was as follows:

Boss-eye Hawkins had been called on for a song. Now, Boss-eye had emigrated to Australia in his younger days, and was very fond of letting everyone know that he considered himself a Colonial and therefore just a peg higher than the ordinary Tommy Atkins. He also boasted that he was a direct descendant of the famous Admiral Hawkins, and that circumstance placed him up another peg in his own estimation at any rate. The boys would have it, however, that he had made a mistake, and maintained that it was Mr. Henry Awkins, of Lunnon, who was Boss-eye's respected ancestor.

The gallant Boss-eye now mounted



Without a moment's hesitation he dived head foremost into the water

did not stop him from ordering more bottles.

After a while the store-keeper demanded payment for his liquor, and Charlie began at once to plan how to get out of the fix he was in.

He would not have hesitated to dash out of the place and leave the man to whistle for his money, but he had drunk so much that his head was beginning to whirl round and he was not quite sure as to whether his legs would carry him very far.

"I'll call round next week, boss, and pay up what I owe. I'm a good customer, you know, and I'll bring some friends with me next time. Will that do?"

"No, sah; it won't do," replied the proprietor, a big burly negro. "You pay me now, or I'll pitch you in the sea."

Such a challenge as that would have aroused Charlie to a pitch of red-hot anger on another occasion, but he was beginning to feel so bad that he had no mind to offer any resistance.

Hurled Boots at Him

An idea came to his poor, bewildered brain, and taking off his boots he hurled them at the head of the man who was threatening him.

"There you are; those boots are worth something to you. Take it out of that," he said, and staggering to his feet he attempted to make his way out of the place.

It so happened that a broken bottle lay in the centre of the room, and as poor Charlie blundered towards the door he stepped right on it. A horrid gash was made in his foot, and the pain of the wound added to the effects of the liquor, caused him to faint away and he fell insensible to the floor.

It was a sorry looking soldier who painfully dragged himself into barracks the next morning and gave himself up to the guard for being absent without leave. For a while he had to endure the quiet and peacefulness of the hospital, and no doubt during his enforced residence there he often meditated on the wrong-doing which was bringing him into such troubles.

When he got better he tried to keep on the steady, but soon found his good resolutions to fail. One night he wandered into the little Salvation Army Hall in the town, and as the Captain spoke, memories of the past arose before him.

Thought of Wasted Years

"Well, what a fool I am," he muttered as he thought of the years he had wasted in sin and the opportunities he had thrown away.

"What a sinner I am!" was the next thought which took hold of him, "and how I have dishonored God and gone astray from what they taught me at the Home."

Hark! What were the people singing?

"Needs none past,

How they cast

Shadows o'er my soul which last."

"How true," groaned the wretched Charlie as a black despair seemed to whisper to his heart, "There's no chance for me."

(Continued on page 6)



An Indian Medicine Man Meets The Great Physician

by CAPITOLA HOWARD



"CAPTAIN," exclaimed Laurence Le Marr, across the table in the ranch house kitchen, to his friend dressed in the uniform of a Salvation Army Officer, "I'm glad to see you eating a man-size breakfast this morning. I was afraid that I should have to bring Dr. Weepo down from the Reserve to give you an over-hauling." Noting interest in the Captain's eyes he continued, "You've never heard of Weepo? I had almost forgotten him myself until last night as I drove through the Reserve I passed a queer-looking Indian camp. Later, when I passed the shack I noticed some little flags waving and concluded that Weepo had been doing some doctoring there. He is a great man among his people. They have more faith in him than in any white doctor and his medicine, and they send for him when they are ill or dying. Weepo generally puts up a flag outside the lodge of the sick person, pink-red or blue, to suit his fancy I suppose. I don't know what his idea is, unless he is signaling an S.O.S. to his gods. Hope you never run into him unexpectedly—I'm afraid you would stampede."

Invited to the Ranch

Enthusiasm lit the face of the Captain. He had been very ill. After leaving hospital he had tried to resume his work in the little town on the C.N.R. where he was stationed. His strength was not equal to his task. At one of the Army Meetings Laurence Le Marr had entered. Noting his strong face, his gentle and dignified manner, the Captain instantly thought, "Here is a man I'd like to enlist on the Lord's side." After the Meeting he enquired, "Are you saved?" to which he received a negative reply. He invited Laurence up to his quarters. Consequently arrangements were made for the Captain to spend two weeks on the Le Marr Ranch. Laurence explained that his parents were away. He was living alone. Sometimes it was lonely when the chores were done and there was

nothing to do. They could have good times together. The Captain could rest up and regain his normal vigor. The weather had been extremely cold since he came and he had not left the ranch, neither had he visited the Indians on the Reservation north of the Ranch. On the mention of the medicine man the Captain's

it was not too cold. I can leave you off at his place and pick you up on my return."

The plan was adopted. The Captain was received at the flaps of a much patched tent by the old Indian, who retained, even in his degenerated condition, the dignity of the noble red man.

"Brother," said the Captain, "the Great Good Spirit has sent me with His message and the Book of Life," indicating the Bible in his hand.

"Welcome," was the answer. "I have waited long. Long long ago the Good Spirit stood before me and pointed out

creatures who had lost the right trail, and that He invited them to come to Him and be fed, healed and warmed. A beautiful Presence filled the tent. Weepo knew the Great Father was there. He confessed his sins, renounced them and was saved. Afterwards he begged the Captain to come and teach him how to take care of his poor, sick 'children' and how to read in the Book of Everlasting Life.

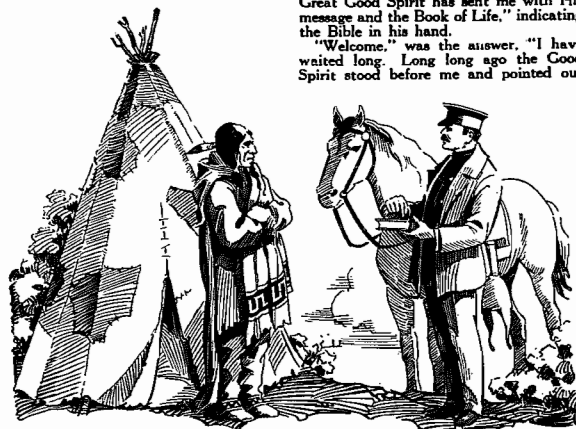
The sun, slipping behind the pines in the west had painted the sky with crimson streaks. Laurence stopped his team by the time and storm-worn tent. When the Captain made known Weepo's wish a big, boyish laugh rang on the still air, but the reply was, "Why, we'll take old Weepo down to the house. I'll tie his ponies behind."

A Great Love and Faith

During the week that followed, the Captain and Weepo were happy. The latter made great progress. When he left the ranch at the end of that week he had a great love and faith in his heart, knew something of first aid, had a knowledge of the Bible and its stories and knew how to point others to the Great Physician Who could work grander cures than his little flags had performed.

The night before his departure the Captain watched Laurence as the latter sat on the edge of the table, violin cuddled lovingly against his tanned cheek. To himself he said, "I have spent my time with Weepo. I have showed Laurence what Jesus can do in filling an old Indian's heart with love and happiness." There was a longing in his brown eyes. Would this fine, strong young man not accept such a Master? Laurence read the thought, put down his violin and going across to the Captain said chokingly, "Pray with me Captain."

"Beloved boy, of course I will," was the answer. Then the Presence that blessed Weepo filled another heart with peace and happiness.



The Captain was received at the flaps of a much patched tent by the old Indian

heart bounded—here was his chance to spread His Master's good message.

"Laurence," he cried, "I must visit this Weepo. How far is it to his camp? Where is that little bronc you said I could ride?"

"It's eight miles," answered his friend. "I am going up to the mission and intended to ask you to accompany me if

the good trail. My people think the Great Spirit talks always with me. It is not so. Come in."

They passed several hours in conversation and prayer that Weepo might have the voice of the Good Spirit in his heart always. The Captain told him the story of the Son of God, some of His words, and explained that He knew the hunger and aching and coldness of His poor

my life, although I was a great sinner and unworthy of any consideration. Yet He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.

"I am going to tell the news abroad wherever I go, and will sing and praise God for so wonderful a change."

Letter No. 2, from Jim to Charlie:—

"Dear Charlie,— I am indeed glad to hear of your conversion, and I will pray much that you may continue to grow in grace and knowledge until you are firmly rooted and grounded in Christ."

"There is one thing, however, about which I feel especially led to write to you.

Are you quite sure that you have laid a firm foundation of repentance towards God, as well as faith in Jesus Christ? I feel so strongly that your future Christ-

ian career depends upon that, for if in any years you find that you have left some sins unconfessed, it will undermine your whole building, and perhaps topple you over."

An interval of several months elapsed, and Jim thought that Charlie must have gone back to his old ways again. Yet one day letter No. 3 came along containing the following news:—

"Dear Jim,— I know you have been anxiously waiting to hear from me, but my foundation is taking time to build."

"Your letter brought me face to face with the fact that I had stolen many pounds' worth of goods from the canteen, and had kept it a secret."

"It bothered me a great deal, and for a long time I was not willing to face the consequences. The thought of exposure as a thief before the whole garrison was too much for me, and I shrank from the imprisonment I expected would be my punishment."

"Seeing clearly, however, that my progress in the Christian life would cease unless I owned up, I decided to do right at all costs. I confessed my thefts to the Colonel, therefore, and was ordered a trial by court martial."

"The Colonel enquired fully into the causes that had led me to make such an open confession, and I told him I was now a follower of Jesus and a soldier of the Salvation Army, therefore I was bound to obey the Captain of my Salvation and be true to the principles of the flag I fought under."

"He was spell-bound as I boldly spoke

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TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL

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But listen to the chorus they are singing now, it throws out a life-line to the troubled soul:—

"And yet He will thy sins forgive,

Oh, come along,

For Jesus is strong,

And He will thy sins forgive."

"Then I'll ask Him to do so now," cried Charlie, and making his way to the front he knelt with two others at the Mercy Seat.

The dawn had come to his soul, and the first faint streaks of the light from heaven had pierced the blackness of his spiritual night.

Rejoice, O angels, for Charlie has entered into the Kingdom of God!

CHAPTER III.

A DRAMATIC CONFESSION

With the coming of the light came the sense of responsibility for the souls of others, and Charlie boldly took his stand for Christ amongst the men of his regiment, and commenced to work for their salvation as energetically as before he had led them in paths of wrong-doing.

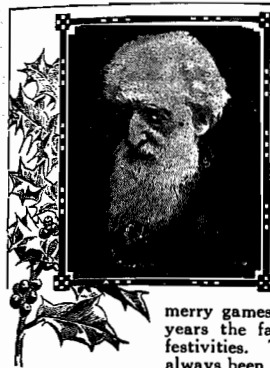
All that it would mean for him to follow Christ, however, was not shown him at once, as the following letters, which passed between him and a brother Salvationist will plainly show.

Letter No. 1 from Charlie to Jim:—

"Dear Jim,— You will be glad to hear that I have chosen to serve God, and I am determined to do what He would have me do. I realize how He loves me, and His tender mercy has been over me all



"He wrote pardoned across my charge sheet."



The Way to keep Christmas by The Founder

CHRISTMAS has come round again! I have always felt a peculiar interest in the season. In childhood there were the merry games and the extra feeding, and in after years the family gatherings and the Salvation festivities. Therefore, to me, Christmas has always been more or less a lively time.

I suppose Christmas has been a similarly interesting occasion to you; and I am glad that it should be a season of gladness for all. So arrange your family gatherings. Collect the loved ones scattered abroad. Hold your Corps festivals. Invite the backsliders, and the hangers-on and the half-decided. Shut out dull care. Trust in God for tomorrow. Bring out your music, and make merry in the presence of the King.

But whether in your own homes or in The Army Hall, jealously forbid everything that is foolish and trifling and in any way calculated to lead any one away from God. Let every pleasure be pure, and such as could be enjoyed in Heaven, and let every gathering be hallowed and brightened by the presence of your Lord.

Try, this Christmas, for an increase of family affection. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends far and near, strive to make the anniversary of the coming of the Christ of Love an opportunity for loving one another more.

Let this be a Christmas of heartfelt forgiveness, where there is anything to be forgiven. Next week I shall say, "Do not carry any bitterness of spirit against any human being into the New Year." This week I anticipate "the Old Year out," and say, "Do not carry any grudges, revenges, or other un-Christlike feeling over Christmas. Have a Christmas of Brotherly Love."

Let this be a Christmas of practical sympathy with human sorrow. Remember the poor. If you have no other way of showing it, send a trifle to the Social funds. They always need help badly. But on no account allow any poor widow, or orphan, or aged, helpless, or afflicted Soldier in your ranks to spend this Christmas without some extra comforting cheer. You pray God to remember and bless them; but you must remember and bless them yourselves.

Before all else, however, let this be a Christmas of Salvation. That will make it really joyous; that will ensure its being a pleasant memory in after years.

Let it be a Christmas of Salvation to yourselves. You had Christmas when Jesus Christ came to your souls years, months, or it may be, only days ago. And He lives there today. But His saving work is not as yet finished. There is still something to be done by Him in your feelings, in your imaginations, in your tempers, in your affections, in your secret lives, before the work that brought Him from above is complete. He came to save you from your

sins. Not merely to save you from sinning in the past, but from sinning in the present. Can we do anything better with this Christmas than welcome Him to our hearts and allow Him to accomplish in us all His blessed will?

But, my comrades, we must go further. I want you, more than ever before, to make this a Christmas of imitation. Christ came not only to be a Sacrifice for our sins, but an Example for our lives. What do we see at Bethlehem? We see there the Christ, come out of His Heaven from the bosom of the Father, from the companionship of the angels, to the humiliation of the manger, to the suffering of a life of poverty and shame, and to the agony of a cruel death. And all to save the souls of men. Come along, and begin this Christmas-time the imitation of Jesus Christ in this respect.

The manger was the beginning of our Lord's Salvation career—the gateway to the road that led Him to the Cross; the embracing of all of the shame, the anguish, the suffering, and the death that followed. In coming to Bethlehem, He consecrated Himself to all the toil and sacrifice necessary to the saving of the world.

Let us, with such powers as we possess, go forth to the doing of our share of the same blessed task. But to do this will mean our coming down out of our Heaven of ease, or comfort, or respectability, and perhaps a great many other things desirable to flesh and blood.

As He left His Heaven, and His Father, and His celestial glory, so, if we are to do the same kind of work, we must imitate Him in the manner of doing it.

So come down at this Christmas-time. Come down in the spirit of a little child, nay in the spirit of your great and blessed Redeemer. Say to your Heavenly Father, "Take me, O God! Mould and fashion my future in the way that will best carry forward my Master's work and be most likely to secure the end for which He came. I, too, will be a Saviour."

"Like Him, saving souls shall be the great end for which I will live."

"Like my Lord, I will go to the wilderness and fight with devils to rescue them."

"Like my Lord, I will suffer hunger and thirst and loneliness in order to teach them."

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and intercession, in order to deliver them."

"Like my Lord, I will face the mockery and scorn of heartless, godless men, to win them."

"If called to the painful task, like my Lord I will die to save them!"

You sing:

I will follow Jesus,

Follow Jesus all the way.

That is good. Heaven loves to hear you; but only where the life squares with the song! Oh, again I say, let us all begin afresh this Christmas, the following of Jesus. The father will be pleased that it should be so. He will come to you.

He will guard and guide you, and best of all, He will make.

Your humiliation a glorious exaltation,

Your suffering a great joy,

Your conflict a grand victory,

Your sacrifice the Salvation of many, many precious souls!

WILLIAM BOOTH

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

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General.....Bramwell Booth

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London, England.

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**A Happy Christmas
to all our readers**

The Bells of Christmas

(From "Poems of a Salvationist" by Mrs. Brigadier Arnold)

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." Luke 2:10

List to the bells of Christmas,
Message of hope they ring—
Hope for the world's redemption,
Christ is born our King!
Jesus, the name be given,
To Him the angel said,
Jesus, to save His people,
Born in manger bed.

List to the bells of Christmas!
List to their chiming again;
Message of peace they're pealing:
Peace, goodwill to men.
If every heart would serve Him,
Drive sin and fear away,
 Nations of earth would welcome,
Peace this Christmas day.

List to the bells of Christmas!
Playing their love-lit air!
Heaven to earth is bringing
Gift so sweet and fair—
Jesus, the pure and holy,
Gift of the Father's love:
Let us accept His offering,
And His goodness prove.

List to the bells of Christmas!
Joy-bells for you and me—
Birthdays of our Redeemer,
He Who set us free!
How shall we pay Him homage?
How shall we please Him best?
Give Him a willing service:
That is love's true test.

TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL

(Continued from Page 6)

out before them all and told them what great things the Lord had done for me. Then taking up his pen he wrote "Pardoned" across my charge sheet and congratulated me on the step I had taken.

"I have found all and more than I expected in the service of the Lord and it will soon be seven months since I started on the upward way. I have not tasted drink since the night I knelt at the Penitential Form.

"I am studying at the school and trying to improve myself, and hope soon to be a Candidate for the work.

"I am growing in the spirit of love daily and am giving my best to God and living for others, so I don't think I shall fail to enter those Pearly Gates.

"Won't it be nice to see them swing open, and be able to join in the music of the blood-washed throng. No bad language, no strife, no pride, no envy—but all love.

"When we shall see Him face to face, And tell the story, saved by grace."

Yes, it will be nice, as Charlie says, when from every nation under heaven they shall throng in through the Pearly Gates, a mighty host of redeemed sinners, won to the cross of Christ through the faithful toil of the warriors of the bleeding Lamb, the Army of Salvation.

A Good Samaritan of the Prairies

In misery and helplessness a poor settler's family were in great distress in their little homestead on a cold winter's day till the coming of an Army outsider put blue into their sky

By Sister Mrs. Lydall, Edmonton

CRASH! The icy breath of the January north wind forced to crazy lurch, and the door of the little homestead flew open.

The kitchen was deserted and fireless. From an adjoining room a woman's voice called "Jimmy, Jimmy." Then as no answer came, the call merged into a moan of despair.

"Oh God! have pity," cried the woman, as she tried to raise on her elbow, and failing, fell back exhausted upon the pillow. The infant beside her stirred, and began to wail.

Towed Hair and Bare Feet

"Jimmy, Jimmy." "Aw right. Aw right," came in sleepy tones from the loft above. "Coming, Mam. A few seconds later, down the ladder he tumbled. Towed hair; little bare feet, hitching up his pants as he came, a little fellow of eight years of age.

"Ugh! he shivered, as he banged the door to and secured the latch, then with chattering teeth turned into the room where his mother and two sisters lay. "Jimmy Christmas, but it is cold," he said.

"Jimmy," said the woman, her dark eyes filled with agony. "Try to light the fire, will you dear? We shall freeze to death else."

"There's no wood cut," whimpered the boy. He was pulling on some slippers which his mother had made out of an old blanket.

"Isn't there a little bit?" pleaded the woman. "If you can't find any, try and break up baby's chair, you're mother's man and all she has to help her now."

Four year old Lucy sat up in her cot. "I see hungry, I want a piece of bread," she demanded.

"There's no bread," answered the boy, sullenly. "We had the last piece last night Where's Dad, anyway?"

The mother did not answer. Lucy set up a howl. "Don't! Lucy," said the mother wearily, drawing her hand across her brow. "Jimmy will try to make a fire somehow, then he can put on some potatoes in their skins and if mother can get a cup of tea she will try to get up and make some bread."

A Prayer for Help

Jimmy turned away and hunted the wood box. His little fingers were stiff with cold, and try as he might, he could not prevent the scalding tears from coming. "Father in Heaven," cried the woman in agony. "Oh help us now. I don't deserve it. I have sinned against Thee, but forgive and have pity." Jimmy was trying to break the chair, when the crisp crunch of heavy footsteps came over the frosted snow.

"It's father," he breathed with a sigh of relief, and flew to the window. But was not father. "Who's coming?" queried the woman eagerly. "Dunno," answered Jimmy. "It's a little fat man with curly hair and a cap with a red ribbon all round it." "Salvation Army," said the mother, and she heaved a sigh of relief. God had answered prayer and sent His messenger. A Salvationist would surely go and get

SHARING CHRISTMAS JOYS

It was Christmas time and we were strangers indeed in a strange town, circumstances placing us so that we had no time to make new friends before the joyful season was upon us. However, we were expecting friends from our home town to spend Christmas with us and anticipating a happy time.

Christmas Day dawned unlike our wonderful Western Christmas. Instead of bright clear sunshiny and frosty air, a wet rainy day with heavy clouded skies greeted us. Nevertheless it was bright and cheery in the house. The table was set, the turkey was cooking, and the tree

help. The relief was so great that she lost control of herself and lay shaken with sobs.

"Don't cry, Mummie," said Lucy, clambering on to the bed. "Lucy 'oves oo." The boy held the door open invitingly, and, shaking the snow off his great coat, the Captain entered. "What's wrong," he said. "No fire?" "Mother's ill," answered the boy, "and Dad's away. There's no wood cut," he added. The Captain already had his coat off. "We'll soon have some cut, sonny," he said. "Where's the axe?" "In that corner," the boy pointed, but his eyes were glued to the bright red jersey.

"You go and get in the bed and cover

among the sacks at the bottom of the cupboard. "I'll put on some cuts now," he said. "Then when we've milked the cow, I'll make some biscuits. Good thing I'm used to baching it."

By the time the cow was milked, the kettle was singing cheerily and the porridge was simmering away. Lucy and Jim were sitting close by the stove with their little cold feet resting on the oven door.

"Oh! God bless you," said the mother gratefully as she took the refreshing cup of tea. "I can never repay you."

"That's alright, Mamma. I'm going to bake a batch of bread and cut you enough wood to last a few weeks before I go

school teacher before I was married, but if my husband caught me teaching them religion he would curse. I get so frightened. Sometimes I think he will kill us in his passion."

"Where is he now?" asked the Captain. "In jail," she returned sadly. "Boo-legging. Now you know what I'm up against."

"True," said the Officer, "but if you really give your life to God and strive to serve Him and lead these children to Him, I feel sure that He will protect you and influence your husband. Let us pray."

Stood With Open Mouths

The Presence of God filled the little room while the Captain knelt, crying to God in earnest prayer. The little children stood with open mouths, watching. They would not be persuaded to kneel, and the poor mother lay with her hands clasped in prayer.

"Now," he said, preparing to leave, "There is plenty of wood cut and bread enough for a few days. I was going on to — but instead, I'll go back to — where we have a Corps. I know there is a Corps Cadet whom the Captain can send out to you and he will keep in touch with you himself also. Good-bye and God bless you."

"God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." The next day was the Sabbath and a little band of Salvationists were wending their way along the high road leading to the Provincial Penitentiary. Every fortnight they were in the habit of holding services with the prisoners there. The prisoners filed in, faces like masks, until under the genial and friendly leadership of the Adjutant, they began to relax. Soon they were singing quite heartily the old hymns, and eagerly listened while the Officer talked to them upon the text, "The wages of sin is death." At the back of the room sat a man in torment, and at the close of the Meeting, when the Adjutant said, "Now those of you who would like us to pray for you, put up your hands." Up went the hand of this same man. "I've been through hell thinking of my wife and children," he said to the sympathetic Officer, "but if He'll forgive such a wretch as me, I'll try and go straight." The angels rejoiced that afternoon and the bells rang in Heaven.

Met at Prison Gate

A month later, the Adjutant met this poor fellow as he was released from custody, took him home to supper and accompanied him to the train which would carry him home again. Meanwhile he wired to the Captain at the other end, and he was waiting with a conveyance to drive the man home. That morning they erected an altar in that lonely home by the wayside.

Would you be surprised to hear that Jimmy is now a Corps Cadet and Lucy a Junior Soldier, while the father and mother are both faithful Soldiers of the Salvation Army.



"God Bless You," Said the Mother Gratefully, as She Took the Refreshing Cup of Tea.

yourself up, sonny," said the Captain. His English was a little broken, and he spoke with a slightly foreign accent.

There never was sweeter music heard than the crash of the swinging axe and the crisp spitting of the logs, unless it was the cheerful crackling of the fire which a few minutes later began to send a warm glow into the frosty room. "Now Missus," said the Captain, "Don't cry. You'll be alright now. Which is it to be, tea or coffee?"

"There's the cow in the barn," replied the woman. "She hasn't been milked for two days."

"Don't worry about that. Where's the milk pail?"

"And there's no bread in the house either. There's rolled oats and potatoes, though."

"Good," said the Captain. "Any flour?" "Plenty," said the woman.

"The Captain was already rummaging

Then I'll make for town and get the Captain there to send you someone out. The kiddies could do with a few clothes too, couldn't they? I'll see about that too when I get back to Edmonton."

"What brought you here?" said the woman.

"God, I reckon" was the answer. "I'm what you call an outsider. I'm really out collecting, but glad to be of service by the way. I've something for you here, sonny," and he drew from his pocket a Sunday school picture and an orange. The boy took the card. It was a picture of Jesus blessing the children. "Who is this?" he said, showing it to his mother. "That is Jesus," she said. "Jesus? Who is he?" The woman glanced up at the Captain's pitying face, her own covered with shame. "Oh! she cried, "I know it's wicked of me never to have taught the children these things. Would you believe it? I was a

was laden down with good things all waiting to be enjoyed, so we set off to the station to meet our friends in great spirits.

Can you imagine our disappointment when the train came in, only to find a note to say that sickness had come at the last moment and therefore prevented their visit to us on this festive season. How terribly disappointed we were! And then there was mother waiting for us. How disappointed she would feel.

We wondered what we could do. We did not know of one person to invite, and to eat Christmas dinner alone was a thing unheard of in our family. Suddenly mother said, "I wonder if the Army Officers are going out to dinner?" "Oh,

I expect they will have lots of invitations," said Dad. "However, Dad," said wise mother, "there is no harm in finding out."

I was sent with all speed to the little Army Hall. I remember it so well. The Meeting was nearly over. There was just the Officer and one or two Soldiers. I waited until they were finished, then very timidly I approached the Captain and enquired if they were going out to dinner. To my surprise they got on their knees and exclaimed, "Thank the dear Lord! He sent you, my little girl in answer to our prayers." It seems that the Army had only just started in the town, and the Officers were indeed finding the fight hard. They had intended going

home to a cup of tea and some bread and butter for their dinner. How glad I was to be able to take them home to share our Christmas dinner with us, and the Christmas tree was given to the little Junior Corps the next day. I proved to the very depths of my child's soul that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Before we left that town my parents were good Salvationists and I became a Junior, so what commenced to be a very disappointing time, turned out to be the most wonderful of any Christmases. If we will only trust Him enough we will find that some of life's highest disappointments are His ways of letting the blessing in.—L. N. S.

The MAN by the WAYSIDE

A CHRISTMAS STORY
by NICHOLAS WILLS



It was about Christmas-time. Those who had left Switzerland during the summer months saw the snow glowing on the summit of the mountain and varying its hue with the changing of the light. But from the low-lying valleys the scintillating flakes appear so remote, so far away. In December, however, it is different. The snow (not always glowing and shining and inviting) blocks the roadway along which you walk. If you are tired and the afternoon light has failed, then the going is hard, especially up the hill to the Salvation Army Training Garrison in the city in which this story opens. This hill is a fairly steep ascent ordinarily, but with darkness everywhere, the snow unusually deep, and the air raw and penetrating, the traveller finds it a pretty stiff undertaking to reach his destination.

Earnest-Hearted Young Fellows

At the time of which I write the Cadets were a company of earnest-hearted young fellows who hailed from various cantons of their beautiful country. They had listened to many lectures and filled pocket books with notes. They drank deep of the wells of Salvationism and went forth day after day to their duties down among the poor, the sick, and the needy, speaking of Salvation to all.

The Principal was pleased with his Cadets, but he was anxious to test them even more thoroughly than they had been tested. One evening as the time drew near for the Christmas celebrations he exclaimed to his wife, who was the happy mother of one of the sweetest of little cherubs.

"I have an idea." His eyes shone.
"I am glad to hear it, Gustav," said the smiling, happy mother, as she looked down upon what was of more value to her than a thousand ideas. "What is it?"

"For some time I have wanted to test the quality of the spirit of the Cadets. I think I know the stuff they are made of; but I am going to give them an opportunity to prove whether they have the spirit of compassion sufficiently to rise to an unexpected occasion."

"But what is the test?" asked his wife. "Though our sweet little Christmas-box here— isn't she a little cherub?—claims my attention so much, I am really curious to know what you intend to do."

The Principal's Plan

"Well, my plan is simply this. I know that fairly late this evening the Cadets will be coming down the hill from the Garrison. It will be dark and cold, and the snow hard by where they will pass has drifted very deep. I shall attire myself in old clothes so as to disguise myself thoroughly, and then throw myself down into the snow. When they pass it is my intention to groan so as to attract their attention."

"Oh, that is dreadful. You will catch your death of cold and—"

"Nonsense, little mother. You stay and look after our Christmas-box while I go."

"Tick, tock," said the clock on the mantelpiece. The house seemed strangely still. There was a bitter wind sighing amongst the trees and gables without. Baby was sleeping. Yes, the house was so quiet. Had Gustav gone?

She had a sense of the presence of some one else in the room. Hearing a slight sound she raised her eyes from the cot in which the little cherub was sleeping and—the sight nearly made her scream. It was a poor desolate looking broken man.

"O Gustav!" she exclaimed, "How could you?" "Do I look the part?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed you do. I could almost weep with pity when I see you."

The Training Principal strode on through the night, and was glad he had taken care. It was a cold night, but with his underwraps he expected to pull through all right. Would the plan pass muster? Up the hill he pushed his way through the snow. It was a lumbering climb. Presently, while he looked round for a spot suitable for his plan, he heard voices.

Plunged Into the Snow

"Surely my watch must be wrong," he said. "The Cadets are not due this way yet. However, here goes," and he plunged himself into the snow and waited. No. Now he realized. The voices were not the voices of the Cadets. Yet, here were the folk coming. The voice of a lady mingled with that of a gentleman as they passed along up the hill. The Training Principal caught the pungent sniff of a cigar, when the pair passed close to where he had made a hole in the snow. With womanly inquisitiveness the lady stepped down from the path and exclaimed, "Oh! here is a poor man lying in the snow."

"Leave him alone," said the gentleman gazing down upon him.
Looking out of the corner of his eye the Principal saw to his astonishment that it was a preacher and his wife.

"My dear," said the latter. "We can't leave him here. He will die of cold. We must lift him on to the path. Oh, whatever shall we do?" she exclaimed. "Don't worry about him," replied the husband, "I expect he has had a drop too much. Come along. At length, but very unwillingly, the lady followed the wake of her husband.

"How singular that this should have happened," thought the Training Principal. "I am sorry about it, but—"

Anxious to Help, but Perplexed

Once more steps were heard. It was the preacher and his lady returning.

"He is still there," said the latter compassionately kneeling in the snow. "We must not leave him here."

Once again the preacher looked down upon the recumbent figure as though trying to think of a way out of the difficulty.

"It's no good, my dear. We can't do anything to help him. Come along! I would help him if I knew how to."

"One thing you must not do. You must not leave him. Whether he is drunk or sober he is in need of help."

"I cannot stay here all night. He will wake up presently when he has slept off the effects of the liquor, and then he will be all right and make his way down the hill. Come along, I say."

Still protesting the little lady walked away. As they went the Training Principal heard the clear high voice of his would-be-rescuer raised in pleading, and then the deep notes of the reply.



"A man and sleeping out in the open a night like this."

Ugh! How cold it was. Certainly that watch of his was wrong, or could it be that he had dozed off to sleep. He found that he had not been lying in the snow so long as he had imagined. The Cadets were now nearly due to pass that way.

"How long time seems when one is out in the cold," reflected the Principal as he tried to make himself comfortable. The laggard minutes passed, and he was on the point of rising to his feet to help to restore his circulation, for he was beginning to feel numb. Then he thought of the bright, warm room where he had left his little wife and her Christmas-box. This brought cheer to him, and his heart was comforted.

Once again folk were coming along the unfrequented road. There were more than two this time, and they were men's voices that he heard. Whoever they might be they were walking in step.

Ah, that was the voice of the Captain. All uncertainty vanished. They were the Cadets coming down the hill.

What Would Cadets Do?

What would happen? As the Principal waited he felt that much depended upon the next few minutes. The reputation of the Army, as well as of his little company of Cadets rested on the issue.

Nearer drew the Cadets for whom he had prayed so long and in whose interest he had labored with such deep concern. They were chatting away, and a voice was raised in song.

The vital moment had now arrived. The excitement of the Principal, though suppressed, was great,

and he found himself breathing heavily, for he lay face down like some hibernating bear. It looked as though the Cadets were so occupied with their talk and singing that they failed to notice the man by the wayside. For shame, Cadets, for shame!

Halt! The sharp word of command worked like magic. The song ceased; the footsteps could no longer be heard.

"What was that?" said the Captain. The Principal had groaned.

One or two of the Cadets were down on their knees at once. "It's a man."

"A man—and sleeping out in the open a night like this!" "He's not sleeping."

"What's the matter with him?" said the Captain. "Very likely he's drunk," said one. "Or injured," said another.

"He Must Have Fallen"

Once more the Principal groaned. "Poor fellow. He must have fallen heavily and hurt himself."

Anyway, drunk or sober, hurt or sound, he must not be allowed to freeze to death.

With difficulty the Principal restrained his feelings, but it was his duty to carry through his extraordinary project. The Cadets were kneeling in the snow or bending over him, and all were seeking to be of some service.

"What about the Meeting," said one. "That can wait a little," was the answer.

"If every absentee has as good a reason as [we] have, then all will be well."

"How is he?" said the Captain. "He appears to be very drowsy, and it's a job to get a word out of him. Evidently he is quite unconscious, but he is almost too heavy to lift to his feet."

"Don't try to lift him to his feet," said the Captain. "It is not a long way to the Training Garrison. We must carry him up the hill, and when we get him into the Garrison we can take him down where the stove is, get him warm and give him some hot coffee. Now then, boys—one—two—three!"

The Principal of the Training Garrison felt himself being lifted out of his uncomfortable quarters and carried up the hill. It was too bad on his part, the Principal thought. But it was no good giving away the position now.

Carried Him Up the Hill

It was a hard journey up the hill, not so much for the panting and perspiring Cadets as for the one they were carrying.

If truth must be told more than once he nearly came a cropper; but on they went determinedly, and they were encouraged to increased exertions by the groans of the man. There was a welcome respite at the Training Garrison entrance. Then the Cadets with their Captain took up the burden again and with revived energy. Through the entrance they carried the man found by the wayside.

"Take him down to the stove," said the Captain.

When they got within the glow of the stove down stairs, so exultant was the Principal in his feelings, so full of gratitude and pride, that, pulling back the soft old service cap that had been pulled over his ears and eyes, he cried with sudden energy his face alight with recognition. "Well done, lads. Well done!"

This indiscretion on his part brought about a startling turn of events. A French-Swiss Cadet was so surprised that he let go his part of the burden, and a German-Swiss Cadet let go another part, and an Italian-Swiss Cadet at attendance jumped right into the air with astonishment. The result was that the Principal was dropped with a bump on to the floor, but he forgot his hurts and the chill of the night, and while the astonished Captain and Cadets crowded around, he related his night's experience. Soon the Cadets were laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks while the Principal glowed with pleasure and satisfaction.

Evidence of Salvationism

The story was too good to keep, and it was passed on to the other Wing of the Training Garrison, where it was received as an evidence of the practical Salvationism of the men Cadets. Though it was well known that the women-folk often lead in devotion and self-sacrifice, they envied the men Cadets the splendid opportunity they had had of proving that they were no mere theorists, but were eager to show their devotion to Christ in practical form.

It was not the Principal who told the story in the city. But somehow it got out, as good stories will.

Need I add that that Christmas was one of the happiest to the Cadets and to the Captain, and to the Principal, who reached the bright little room, the good little wife, and the Christmas-box in safety.

"Now tell me all about it, Gustav," said the wife. And Gustav related the Christmas story pretty much as I have related it to you.

The Christmas Spirit

BY THE COMMISSIONER

ONCE again this glorious message is ringing in our ears. The Salvation Army calls upon all men everywhere, rich and poor, high and low, sinner or saint, employer or employed, to pause in the midst of their pursuits and pleasures and join once again in the glorious anthem of the angels:

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

The event taking place in Bethlehem that day was of such importance that an angel was sent from the skies to announce it. Startling and arresting as was this method of proclamation, even that was not sufficient for:

"SUDDENLY THERE WAS WITH THE ANGEL A MULTITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST PRAISING GOD AND SAYING: 'GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.'"

What was the event thus heralded in such royal fashion? Just the birth of a baby in a manger at Bethlehem—so thought the friends and neighbors who had travelled with Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Just the birth of a baby. The only difference in their thought was that this babe was born in a manger instead of the quiet and seclusion of the little cottage home. But listen! what is the announcement the angel is making?

"FEAR NOT; FOR BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE. FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY IN THE CITY OF DAVID A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD."

We can well understand how such an announcement caused the heavenly host to burst into song. For the birth of the babe was the fulfillment of an age long promise made to God's chosen people, and indeed, made to the whole world. It was more, it was the birth of a New Spirit in the world, and that New Spirit never has been, and indeed, never can be better expressed than in the angels' song:

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

Hence our plea that the world should pause again at this Christmastide long enough to join in this glorious anthem.

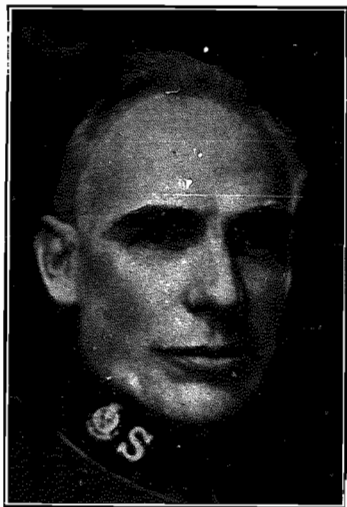
What a God-given thought it was to celebrate the Armistice by calling upon the millions of people who go to make up the mighty Commonwealth of Nations that we call the British Empire, to stand in silence for two whole minutes and remember their sacred dead, and God. To stand in the midst of the thousands gathered in the greatest city of the Empire, to feel the weight of that

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

—Luke 2: 14.

tremendous silence, each minute of which seemed an eternity, to feel the mighty urge of the heart of that crowd Godward, was an experience never to be forgotten.

But what would happen if all the world would cease its work, its play, its every pursuit, and join together in the mighty chorus of the angels' song. If those who stand at the head of each nation of the world, whether King or President, would only join in this song! If Politician and Diplomat, Employer and Employed, the



LT.-COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH
Territorial Commander for Canada West and Alaska

representatives of Capital and Labor, would all join in the song, surely the Christmas spirit would be born anew in the hearts of all.

International disputes would be settled. Racial enmities would die. The Disarmament Conference would be unnecessary. Labor difficulties would end, for both Employer and Employed would find themselves meeting on a common ground of brotherhood:

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN AND GOD TAKING THE HIGHEST PLACE.

This dream of a world "born again," born with a new spirit in a moment may be Utopian, but let every individual open his heart to the new spirit and spread it everywhere and the dream shall surely come true!

HAVE YOU GOT THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT?

Apply these four tests and you will soon know whether you possess it or not.

1. The spirit of Christmas is one of goodwill. The birth of Christ was the pledge of God's goodwill towards men. It is the spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation. None can receive the benediction of the Christmas spirit except they are ready to bestow it.

HAVE YOU GOT THIS SPIRIT?

2. The Christmas spirit is:

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

God sacrificed His right as the wronged one. He did not wait until guilty men sought to be reconciled.

God's Christmas gift was the sacrifice of the most precious possession He had and that for His enemies as well as His friends.

If you have the Christmas spirit you will not be content with making presents to your friends only. It demands gifts to those who can make no return, and this can only be done by the spirit of sacrifice.

"Whosoever hath this world's goods and seeth his brother hath need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

HAVE YOU GOT THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE?

3. The Christmas spirit is the spirit of Service.

Jesus said, "I am among you as He that serveth," and "I have given you an example."

If we have this spirit we shall share His nature, His love, His attitude toward the world of evil. Our motto will be, "Others," and the spirit of service will be the very joy of our lives.

HAVE YOU GOT THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE?

4. The Christmas spirit is the spirit of Love.

Neither forgiveness, sacrifice or service are possible without Love.

The babe of Bethlehem's manger was the pledge of God's unspeakable love. It was love alone that made enduring the manger-cradle, the humiliation, the buffeting, the ingratitude and scorn, Gethsemane, Pilate's Hall, The Cross and Calvary.

HAVE YOU GOT THE SPIRIT OF LOVE?

If you have, then you will manifest Christ's spirit of Goodwill, Sacrifice and Service.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,

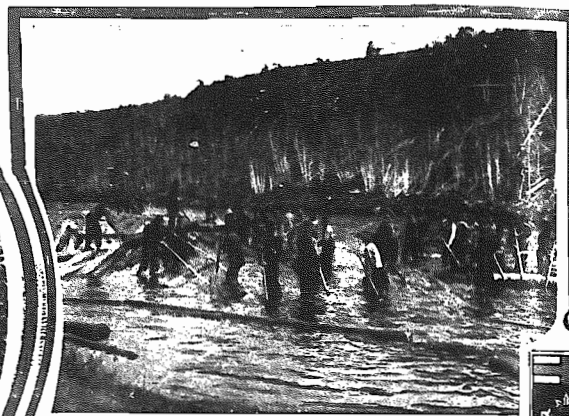
If He's not born in thee, thy heart is still forlorn.



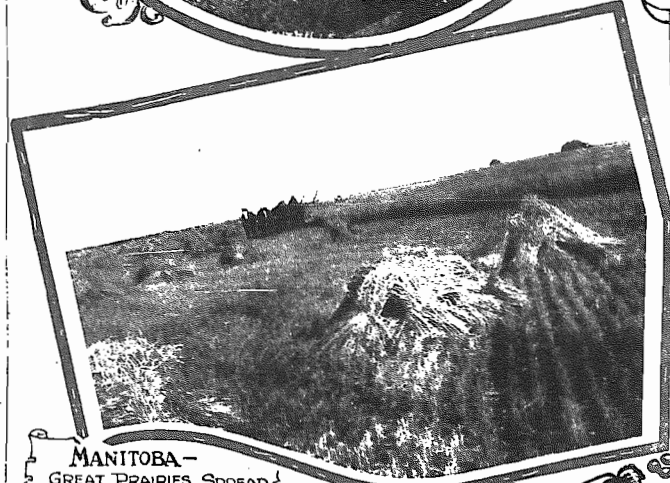
THE BARE OF BETHLEHEM.



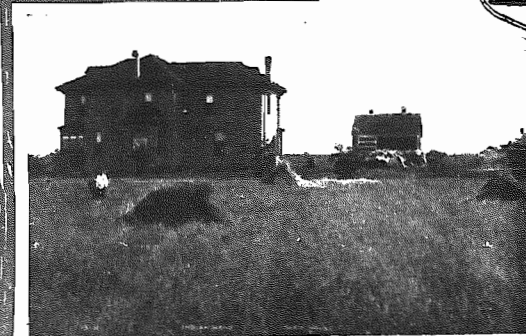
NOVA SCOTIA—
OUR FATHER'S LAND
OF OLD



NEW BRUNSWICK—
THOU LAND OF HOPE FOR ALL WHO TOIL



MANITOBA—
GREAT PRAIRIES SPREAD



SASKATCHEWAN—
HOW DEAR TO US THY BROAD DOMAIN



HALIFAX

FROM EAST TO

COURTESY, CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

OH CANADA! OUR FATHER'S LAND OF OLD.

O Canada! Our true and Native land,
True patriot-love in thy sons command,
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, star and free:
And stand on guard for thee,
Stand aye on guard for thee.

CHORUS

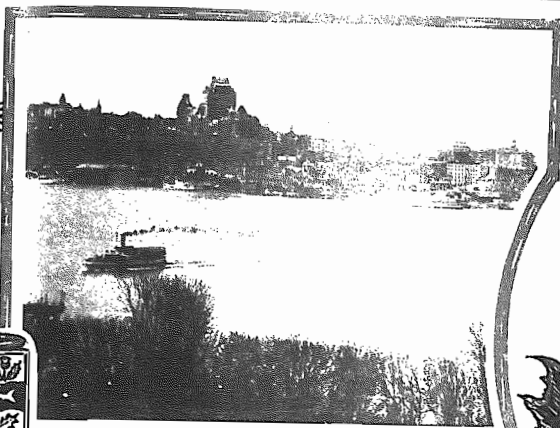
O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand aye on guard for thee,
O Canada!
We stand aye on guard for thee.

O Canada! where forest and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to West and sea,
Thou land of hope and all who toil,
Thou true North, star and free.

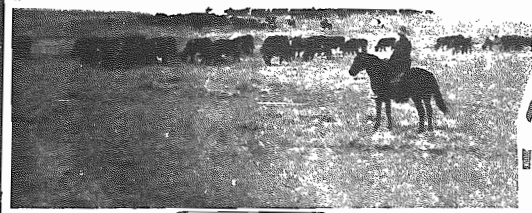
O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies,
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise;
To keep thee steadfast through the years,
From East to West and sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland!
Our true North, star and free.



L WHO TOIL

QUEBEC—
LORDLY RIVERS FLOWONTARIO—
WHERE PINES AND
MAPLES GROW

ROAD DOMAIN

ALBERTA—
BENEATH THY SHINING SKIESBRITISH COLUMBIA—
WITH GLOWING HEARTS WE SEE
THEE RISE

OH CANADA! OUR FATHER'S LAND OF OLD.

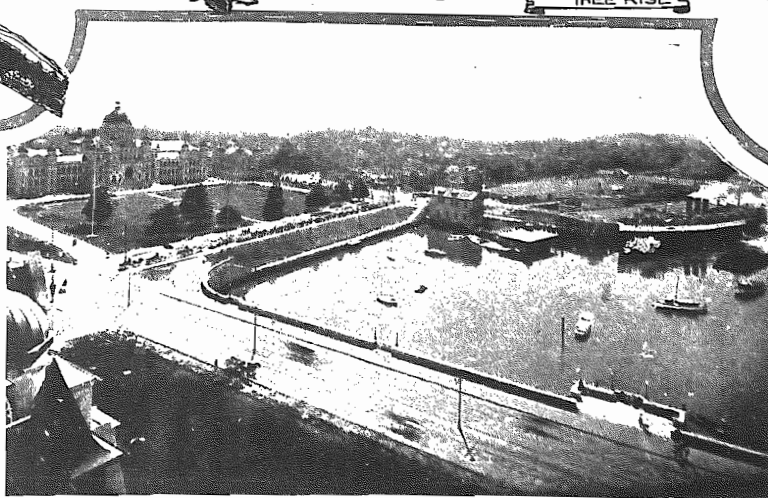
O Canada! Our bold and Native land,
True patriot-love thy sons command,
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard for thee,
Stand on guard for thee.

CHORUS

O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! where the maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy land domain,
From East to West and sea,
Thou land of hope and toil,
Thou true North, strong and free.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies,
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise;
To keep thee steadfast through the years,
From East to West and sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland!
Our true North, strong and free.



WESTERN SEA

VICTORIA, B.C.

THE DIVIS- IONAL COMMAN- DERS OF THE



CANA- DA WEST TERRI- TORY

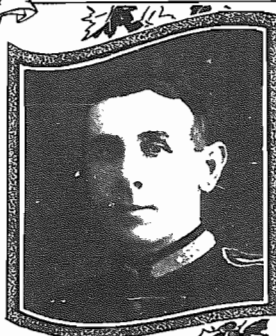
LIEUT-COLONEL and MRS COOMBS



MAJOR & MRS HABKIRK



MAJOR & MRS GOSLING



MAJOR & MRS PENFOLD



MAJOR & MRS LAYMAN



STAFF CAPT & MRS TUTTE



STAFF CAPT & MRS MERRITT



STAFF CAPT & MRS CARRUTHERS

Where Christmas Was Created

A Glimpse at the wonderful land of Palestine and some seasonable thoughts thereon.

By Colonel Charles Knott, Chief Secretary.

THE shaping of the history of Palestine is the story of an immense past. Prophetic utterances of past centuries have blended strangely with the facts of life and testimony—each echoing in no uncertain sound, the vibrating chords of truth. It is a country destined and prepared for strange events and hallowed by the life, works and death of our great Redeemer—a land not destined for secular greatness, but for revelation.

One cannot think of the country without thinking of Jerusalem—the City of the soul—a City of spiritual inspiration. It is a city of many sorrows—no City has been besieged, taken and retaken, more often than Jerusalem.

God's Candlestick

The streets of no City have run with more blood of human beings than the Holy City, and yet so strange—but so true—God chose to put His name on it and make it the candlestick for the light of the World.

Here nations are bound together in and around the City by the symbol of the Cross and the Churches they have erected.

Jerusalem is first mentioned in the Bible (Josh. 18, 28) as Jebusi, which is Jerusalem. David brought Goliath's head and the shields of gold to Jerusalem. They carried the ark of God to Jerusalem. The Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem with a very great train.

Jerusalem is the object of many tears. The Saviour wept over it exclaiming, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." (Matt. 23, 37).

The Bible is the best guide-book to Syria. Here the fig-tree planted in the vineyard, there the tower guarding the winepress, unmuzzled oxen tramping out the corn on the threshing floors from whence the wind drives the chaff. Women still coming to the wells for water or sitting two at the grinding-mill.

Israel's greatness lay solely in the knowledge of the Lord—all other experiments in greatness failed.

Consider the Roman conquerors and Christ. Rome was about His cradle and His grave. He was brought to Bethlehem for a Roman taxation. He was delivered to a Roman judge, to Roman soldiers and crucified on a Roman cross.

To see the Russian pilgrims in Palestine, poor and ignorant, but with simple, yet strong faith, is an inspiring sight. To visit Palestine to them is to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Bathing in the Jordan, filling their bottles, dipping their winding sheets in the water—it all signifies self-denial prompted by the purest desire to escape from defiling society to cleanliness of faith.

Sea and Desert

Environment counts for much in national life—the environment of Palestine is sea and desert. It is a great oasis—a fertile resting place for travellers from Egypt to Mesopotamia between which nations she was ever a buffer state in war and politics.

The sea she never took for a friend. She may exult in the fact that God has His path on the great waters, but she does not venture there herself. She looks upon it as a place to cast evil things beyond the chance of reappearing. Sins are to be cast into it and offenders with millstones round their necks.

The desert was Israel's real neighbor. The Israelite knew its horrors and yet loved it. Some authorities speak of a sand depth of 600 feet—yet it is not all consecrated to death and will never be so long as the nomad Arabs and their flocks keep wandering. The Arab fears the walled city. The desert has even broken the barrier of the Jordan and encroached west of this river. The fierce storms drive the sand into the country

and only by sheer force of physical effort on the part of the farmers is the desert held in check.

Palestine still fears the fiery breath of the desert—its winds blast the crops and destroy the cattle.

Visitors from the West are often disappointed and as they move from place to place their wonder grows as they recall the Biblical descriptions of the land flowing with milk and honey.

A man coming in from the desert sees trees and fountains, not as they are in themselves, but as they contrast with the burning sands. The sound of wind through the rustling leaves or the ripple of the water are to him as the speech of

the desert. The desert is a place of retreat and calm, where new revelations are found. David, Elijah, Paul, Mohammed, all betook themselves to the solitude. Jesus was driven of the Spirit into the wilderness.

Palestine's worst enemy was her own wickedness. The land was a place of decaying body and shiftless spirit. A glimpse of the country suggests it. It is not merely stoned, but it seems to have been stoned to death for its own sins. The scattered ruins of old vineyards and village walls, neglected plains and valleys once rich, were turned into a wilderness, the hillsides where terracing and irrigation flourished were monuments of decay.

Having now given some glimpses at the land of Palestine—where Christmas was created—let me conclude with some thoughts springing therefrom and having a particular application to the great Festival we are celebrating at this season of the year.

Many Pleasing Characteristics

CHRISTMASTIDE has many pleasing characteristics—the young look forward to it as a season for merry-making, the giving and receiving of gifts, the journey home to spend the holiday in the dear old home, that place of childhood's memories of parental love and care, and the centre of youthful escapades and adventures. What an attraction the thought of Christmas has had through those waiting months—what expectations it has created, which have made the burdens of life easier to bear, and sped Father Time along to the happy culmination of their longings.

Expectation is one of the great forerunners of Christmas experiences. Expectations are visions of things we hope to realize. It was Ahaz, the King, who spoke those wonderful words of prophetic value—"Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel." Isa. 7, 14. Such words were not permitted to be lost or forgotten as if they were newspaper reports to satisfy the shifting thoughts of men. No, they were preserved and that, in spite of changes in language resulting from the numerous conquests that raged in that Land of Promise, and in spite of the infidel and heathen who overran the country of Palestine, destroying temples and manuscripts in vain hopes of exterminating all traces of God's Holy Word.

Thus it was that the Word of the Lord in the mouth of Ahaz the King, was preserved and handed down from generation to generation until a strange spirit of expectation was upon the people. In the wilderness, one John was preaching, saying, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. This is He that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias." Then went out to Him Jerusalem and all Judea.

In the cities it was the same. At Nazareth an angel visited the home of one Joseph and named the child already unborn, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus." "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet.

Strangely Moved

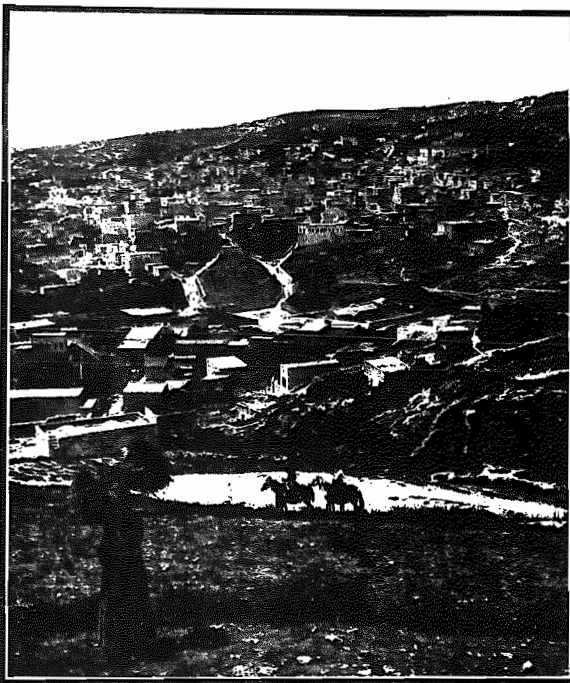
Then, away down East of the Jordan, over desert places, the wise men had grown curious and strangely moved in their spirits because they had seen His star in the East.

Now all these expectations were not fantastic dreams or groundless forebodings; they were the result of the moving forward of the will and purposes of God which would culminate in the vindication of His Word spoken by the mouth of His prophets that one should come who would actually be as "God with us."

It has been said that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization. Well, we will not begrudge the old dispensation any of the joys that came to them from their conviction-born expectations, but we shall do well to copy their good example as we approach this, another anniversary of the birth of our Immanuel.

Our highest expectations cannot reach the lofty heights of His possibilities, for "He can do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Our deepest need cannot outgrow or cancel the expectations raised by the promise, "God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." With these exceeding great and precious promises let us approach this season for the giving of gifts with great expectations, remembering that he who gets must give.



Where Christ was born—a view of the modern town of Bethlehem

a god. The very barrenness of the desert becomes a challenge to hope and faith—"streams shall break forth there and the desert shall blossom as the rose."

Palestine can never be seen but as a miracle of life and beauty rescued from

Palestine was an ideal training ground for a nation to learn righteousness.

The great Healer is still going about the land doing good and although unrecognized He, the Christ, is gradually winning back the country to Himself.

A Christmas Carol

Tune: "Come, Comrades dear."

*Awake! awake! this happy morn,
Sing of a mighty, loving Saviour born,
Glorify to God on high;
Sing peace on earth, goodwill 'tward men,
And sing it o'er and o'er again,
And fill the world with joy.*

*The glory shone, and angels sang,
With blessed tidings joyful shepherds ran,
God's only Son to see;
The saving power of Jesus' name,
Will swell Messiah's glorious fame,
Throughout Eternity.*

*Rejoice! rejoice! with Christmas song,
Like mighty thunder roll His praise along,
Loud Hallelujahs sing;
Proclaim His birth, good news to tell,
With highest praise glad voices swell,
And worship Christ your King.*

*Eternal thanks to Christ be given,
With joyful music storm the gates of
Heaven,
Before His throne fall down;
By Bethlehem's hand to Calvary led,
Let Heaven and earth put on His head
A hallelujah crown.*

Army Triumphs in Sweden

An Interesting Description of the Beginnings of our Work, and its Marvellous Development during a Period of Forty Years

By Brigadier Malmstrom - Editor-in-Chief of our Swedish Publications

SO far as is known, Sweden was the first country outside Great Britain that received a visit of an active member of the Salvation Army. The visitor was the eldest son of the Founder and Leader of the new organization, the twenty-two year old Bramwell Booth, who for a short time as a guest visited the temporary home of a railway-contractor in Varnamo, Smaland, where he, assisted by an interpreter, started to

and the holy," and before it was brought to a close a young woman came forward and gave herself to God. This conversion was of great importance to the Salvationists, who saw in it a proof of God's blessing on their effort.

The invasion of Sweden by the Salvation Army aroused remarkable attention and interest. Big crowds gathered in the first meetings and many had to be refused admission. Very often overflow-meetings were arranged out in the yard, even in the middle of the winter. Scores came to the mercy-seat and sought salvation, and often the seekers had to kneel right down in the snow, or by a dray or something else peculiar, which had to serve as a penitential-form.

Now and then, however, disturbances took place and were reported. The authorities in several places laid the blame on the Army and took measures, which, without exaggeration, may be called persecution. A number of Officers were, during this period, thrown into prison. Great difficulties also arose in connection with renting of Halls and in providing money for the operations, but the young Salvation Army fought bravely, prospered and won the victory. The Lord blessed the work abundantly. It is true enough, that the Army in the beginning, "hurried slow." Only two Corps were opened outside of Stockholm, one in Göteborg och Uppsala, and the year after one in Norrköping. But during 1885, considerable advances were made. Four new Corps were opened and ever since the Army has been progressing and spreading all over the country, until at present 266 Corps, with about one thousand Outposts attached, are in operation, divided into twelve Districts.



An Officer Working Among the Deaf and Dumb, and a Slum Officer

preach the Gospel. This was in the fall of 1878.

As a result the Army Flag was planted in Sweden four years later. A lady named Hanna Ouchterlony, attended the meetings in Varnamo, and became very much interested in the work of the Salvation Army. She received later an invitation to visit the General and his family and during her stay in England she was given the rank of Major and appointed to "open fire" in her native country. With a heart burning for the salvation of her people she returned to Sweden to commence the warfare.

Major Ouchterlony conducted the first Salvation Army meeting in the Swedish Capital on December 28, 1882. The Ladugårdstheatre, where the remarkable "premier" was going to be held, was

General William Booth visited Sweden for the first time in October 1887. During his stay he visited several cities in our country and conducted twenty-eight Meetings with a number of souls at the mercy-seat. The General visited Sweden several times later, the last time being in 1911. As Chief of the Staff, General Bramwell Booth visited Sweden a number of times. His first visit as General was in 1913.

The Swedish "War Cry" was launched in September 1883. During the first years the "War Cry" was printed on four pages, but October 15, 1887, the first issue on eight pages was published. In 1888 the paper had a circulation of 18,000 copies a week, at the present time 57,000 copies are sold.

The Dedication of the first building of the Salvation Army in Uppsala, "Arken,"

of the most valuable Army buildings is the Training Garrison in Stockholm, a magnificent seven-storied house located in a fine part of the city, erected during 1914-1915 as a Memorial to the Founder. The head of the Subscriber's Department, Brigadier Hed, raised a Fund for the building, to the amount of 400,000 crowns. The Brigadier succeeded also in providing a Fund for the support of the Training School, fifty-seven of the

The Men's Social Work began on October 6th, 1890, when a Shelter for men was opened in Stockholm. This branch of the Army has made wonderful advances and now covers a considerable area of human need. Two Homes for discharged prisoners and homeless and poor men are operating in the Capital, as well as two Hostels for men, one Food Depot, three Wood Yards and one Restaurant for Working Men. Other



Scene at a Resting Home for Old Women

most wealthy people in our country, the King of Sweden included, donating for the purpose 10,000 crowns.

In 1890 the Men's Social Work and the Women's Social Work were established. The first Rescue Home was opened on January 14th and a couple of months later a Slum Post was organized. This new branch of the Army has, from small beginnings, grown to be a big tree, spreading its operations in every direction, caring for those who are homeless and friendless. The Women's Social Work operates through thirty-four Slum Posts, three Rescue Homes, two Maternity Homes, one Home for ex-prisoners, one Midnight-Mission, seven Homes for Children, four Women's Boarding Homes, one Women's Hostel, ten Summer-Colonies for children and six Summer-Homes for old and poor women. A quarterly paper, "Ljus i Mörker," with a circulation of 35,000 copies, is published in the interests of the Women's Social Work.

Institutions maintain their good work in Gävle, Göteborg, Jönköping, Helsingborg, Malmö and Norrköping. Prison Work is also carried on and an Investigation Bureau has been established. On a beautiful island in lake Malaren, is situated the Inebriates' Home. The Men's Social Work also publishes a quarterly paper, "Sociala Nyheter," with a circulation of 5,000 copies.

Another important branch of the Salvation Army in the Scandinavian countries is the work among the deaf, dumb and blind. This work got a start through a deaf and dumb woman, who in one of the Meetings came to the penitential-form. A woman Officer, who knew the sign-language prayed with her and took a deep interest in her, "silent friend." This incident became "the Macedonian Call" for workers to proclaim the Gospel for the deaf and dumb. This was in 1894. In 1916, the work among the

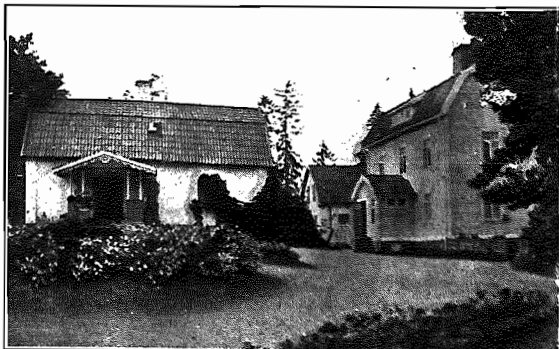
(Continued on Page 20)



Army Officer Conducting a Meeting With the Lapps, a People Living in the Extreme North of Sweden

crowded with people with great expectations. When the three women and the two men (Major Ouchterlony and her comrades) came on the "stage," dressed in the Salvation Army uniform, which was then unknown in Sweden, they were inspected with great curiosity. The meeting commenced by singing the song: "We're bound for the land of the pure

took place in February, 1884. During 1887 The Temple, in Stockholm, was erected and dedicated on Christmas day in the same year. Throughout the years which have followed good progress has been made in securing new buildings and many Corps and Institutions are now working in buildings owned by the Army, of which there are about 280 in all. One



The Main Building and One of the Patient's Houses at the Inebriates Colony on Kurens Island.

Aborigines of Western Canada

An informative article concerning the various tribes of Indians inhabiting this country, their languages, legends, religious ideas and social customs.

By Rev. John Maclean, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., Chief Archivist of the Methodist Church in Canada, author of "Canadian Savage Folk," "Vanguards of Canada," "The Indians of Canada," "McDougall of Alberta," etc. (Special to the Christmas "War Cry")

WHEN the western tourist, with his face towards the setting sun, first comes in contact with the red man in an old dirty blanket, sauntering around a railway station, or squatted on a primitive sidewalk in a small town, he is likely to conclude that writers on the heroic virtues of these denizens of the prairie, mountain and coast have deceived him, and the pictures of freedom, nobility of character and greatness are fictions and visions of the imagination. Behind the swarthy features and stolid countenance of this nomad, however, is a man with a soul, worthy of fellowship when lifted out of his sad and depressing environment, capable of redemption and becoming a useful citizen.

Located on Reserves

From Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, and from the International Boundary Line to the Barren Grounds of the north, the native tribes are located on Reserves by treaty with the Dominion Government, with the exception of a few bands roaming at large. Among them is the Cree Confederacy, forming one of the largest bodies of Indians in the Dominion, including the Plain, Wood and Swampy Cree; the Sioux proper with an allied tribe, the Assiniboines or Stoney Indians; the Ojibwas with a sub-tribe, the Saulteaux; the Blackfoot Confederacy, comprising the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens; the Sarcees, an offshoot of the Beaver or Castor Indians of Athabasca. In the far north are the Athabascans or Dene tribes, including the Loucheux or Kutchin, the Hare, Dog Ribs, Slave, Yellow Knives, Cariboo-Eaters, the Chipewyans, Tse-ichne, Bad People and Beaver Indians; while in British Columbia, the home of the Salish, there are Tahimseans, and many other tribes, too numerous for mention in a short article.

These varied peoples show different physical characteristics, in stature, color of the skin and texture of the hair, the mode of living is conformable to the climate, food existing in the country and general character as to mountains, rivers, forests, prairie, or sea, and consequently, their languages, legends, houses, customs and native religious ideas vary, making the study of the native tribes a long and intricate process, worthy the ability and genius of scholarly men and women.

Native Languages

One thing is evident in the study of aboriginal races, and that is, that there does not exist a single aesthetic language, and there is not such a thing as a savage language, even in the tribe of a perfect grammar, with linguistic laws, from which there is no deviation, forming a proof similar to Paley's argument for the existence of God. Indeed, some of the tribes, especially in Africa, reckoned to be among the lowest in the scale of civilization, have a language with a great number of declensions and conjugations, which excite surprise, wonder and admiration among students of philology. A similar condition exists in our own western land, where the surroundings of the people give no indication of the wonderful language they possess. Were the paradigm of a single Cree verb to be written out fully, the cards would cover the walls of an average room in a modern house, while for beauty of construction and accuracy in expression it can be compared only with the Greek language. It is an euphonic tongue, rich in vowel sounds, sweet, tender and beautiful, and the ear is captivated when listening to a speaker, even when terms of denunciation are used. The Blackfoot language has many guttural sounds, but the climax is reached in the Sarcee language, which is spoken in the throat by a double guttural, and the sound comes through the sides of the mouth, by decisive clicks. The difficulty of white men acquiring this language may

be adequately expressed as was done recently by one of our westerners, who said: "I am married to a Sarcee woman and have lived with her for forty years and know seven Sarcee words." The Cree language is the medium of communication between the tribes on the plains, including the Crees, Blackfeet, Assiniboines, Saulteaux and Sarcees, just as the Chinook jargon is used in British Columbia.

Beautiful legends linger among all the tribes of the origin of the world, the making of man, the two brothers, illustrating the struggle between good and evil, and the flood, differing according to locality, all recognizing a divine agency, but changing, by the place and character of their abode.

Napio, the Old Man, progenitor of the

this same man, as it began to snow, told me how many nights the storm would continue: "Ten nights it will snow and then stop," said he, and that was what actually happened. Here was a learned man in scanty garb, who received his education from his father and the aged men of the tribe, in the open air. An Indian will travel over the vast expanse of prairie, without a trail or landmark, and never be lost, always arriving at his destination without a single mishap, and when asked for an explanation, is unable to give any, and is surprised that such a question should be put to him.

Totemism among the tribes is a bond of unity, linking the members of the same totem together, though of different tribes, and is a bond of safety, even in times of war. Every tribe, almost with-

personal whim, or simply for ornament, as every stroke has its own significance, understood by the natives, though a dead letter to the paleface.

In the summer, men and women of the prairie tribes gather in the open, forming a large circle, where, as they beat on their tom-toms or indeed anything that will make a noise, and all sing in unison, several men dance in the centre and when one becomes exhausted, another will take his place, until hunger drives them home. In the winter, the monotony and loneliness are broken by tea-dances, gambling bouts and story telling, of which they are very fond. Young men indulge in the game of the wheel, boys and girls have their own games of odd and even, shooting arrows, running and swimming, and life in a native camp is not one long spell of idleness. Among the northern tribes there are native industries which develop the mind, afford a means of livelihood and reveal the hidden talents of the people, waiting an education to help them to a larger and better means of support.

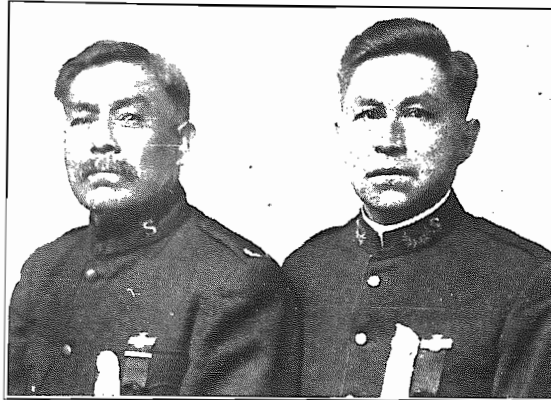
Religious Ideas and Customs

The craft of the medical priesthood, with the knowledge and use of herbs as medicines, the magic arts of the conjuror, the grades and modes of initiation, and the methods of payment for services rendered, form an interesting study; the religious ideas, customs and feasts relating to the soul, spirits, prayer, fasting, forgiveness of sins, the future life, including the Sun Dance, the Thirst Dance and Sun Worship, hold an important place in comparative religion, and the native literature, rock inscriptions, picture writing, totem poles, and birch bark records are suggestive phases in the life of the red man.

Pathetic indeed, is the study of the maps of the western continent covered with the names of Indian tribes which have long since ceased to exist, and the sadness lingers with us when we learn that the footprints of the white race prophesy suffering and death to native peoples. When Principal Grant of Queen's University, returned from his visit to Australia and New Zealand, he said to me: "It is sad to be compelled to say that wherever the white man goes, the native races are doomed! I am afraid that we have seen almost the last of the Maoris." And that is true of the American Indian tribes. Indian life is proximate to a native camp or reserve is detrimental to the welfare of the natives, as they become demoralized and seem to be susceptible to the vices of the white man. The presence of great men among them shows the possibilities inherent in the tribes, as there have been worthy gentlemen, nature's noblemen, native statesmen, like Pagan of the Saulteaux, Crowfoot of the Blackfeet, Poundmaker of the Crees, Red Crow and Medicine Crow of the Bloods, Bearsapaw of the Stonies, and other notables, who have lived and died for their people.

Winning Them for Christ

Pioneers of the Cross have labored among them, enduring hardships, faithful men and devoted women, finding joy in telling around the camp fire and in the lodges the "old, old story," and through the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, souls have been won from sin, transformed through divine grace, and become preachers of the living truth to whitest earnest Christian folk are to be found among them magnifying the grace of God. The hope of the future lies in keeping them isolated from the temptations of our boasted civilization, living in their own districts, giving them an education suitable to their needs and, above all, leading them out to the new life in Christ which will make them kin with all the world.



Two Native Indian Salvationists Who are Doing Splendid Service for God and the Army Amongst Their Own People

Ensign Andrew McKay, of Fort Simpson, B.C., belongs to the Tsimshian tribe and has over thirty years service to his credit; Ensign Charles Newton, of Kake, Alaska, belongs to the Tlingit tribe and for 22 years has been in charge of the Corps in his native village, of which he is mayor.

Blackfeet sprang out of the top of a mountain; the Father of some of the Coast tribes was transformed from a great fish. The legend of the Calling River in the Qu'Appelle Valley has had numerous short poems written about it, but it waiting the genius of a great poet to do it justice, as has been done by Mrs. Edgar for the Ottawa legend of the White Stone Canoe, and by Longfellow for the Iroquoian legend of Hiawatha. The migrations of the tribes, relating to their ancestors and original homes, are still told in the lodges, where the tradition keepers are in existence, notable events are preserved by mnemonic records as knotted cords and coup sticks, old tales and songs are repeated and sung maintaining a course of native education in the camp. We may speak of the red man as being a savage or illiterate, because of his modes of living and customs differing from our so-called civilization, but that is a revelation of our own ignorance, as there is a native culture, a wide and deep grasp of prairie lore, misunderstood by the tenderfoot.

Children of Nature

Sitting outside a buffalo skin lodge, decorated with pictures of battles and with real scalp-locks, in the early days, conversing with an aged native, in answer to numerous questions he gave me the names of twenty-seven kinds of wild fruits in the foothills, explained the various grasses and flowers growing in the vicinity, the names of the insects and their habits, the birds and animals, and when night fell and the stars came out, he recited their names and instructed me in their movements. During the winter

out exception, has political customs, laws of government, a Chief for every band, one Peace Chief over the whole tribe as the supreme civil official in times of peace, a War Chief who guides the destiny of the people, leading the warriors in battle to a Council for the deliberation of important matters, a body of police for the management of the camp, criers who make announcements, and several societies whose secrets are never revealed to any white man. The order of the march when moving camp, rules for guidance in hunting the buffalo, and going to war, are made in perfect detail, and these are so stringent that the person breaking them will be severely punished. Jerry Potts, the famous guide, informed me that on one occasion, when arrangements had been completed to start hunting the buffalo at a specified time, an Indian, anxious to ensure a good supply of meat, went ahead of the party and shot some buffalo, but before he had time to skin any of them, the guards went out and seized him, confiscated the animals, and his horses, stripped him of his clothing to his breech-cloth, and sent him to the camp in disgrace. The Bands are known among us by the names of the respective Chiefs, as Blackfoot Old Woman's Band, Bull Back Fat's Band, but the Indians do not so designate them, having their own names, as the Tall Men, Fish Eaters, and Sweaty Feet.

Like all communities, there are social customs relating to dress, amusements and the use of paint on the person, and what may seem to us mere ornaments, are regulated by law and habit. No man can paint his face according to a

The Drunken Farmer

How he was won to Christ by the faithful dealing and persistent effort of an Officer

A certain Captain in my Division recently visited a small prairie settlement named Togo. It is his practice when visiting such places to call at every house, deal with the people about their souls and pray with them. On the occasion of which I write he entered a hotel where he found a farmer in a very drunken condition, engaged in gambling. He persuaded the man to quit the game, and taking him to a restaurant he ordered strong coffee for him. This partially sobered him and then the Captain took him to his home. Here he had a long and serious conversation with him, warning him that drink and gambling would lead to his ruin and urging him to repent and be converted.

At night he escorted the man to the little cottage Meeting he was conducting in the village and was overjoyed when he voluntarily came forward to seek salvation. He is proving a splendid convert and will soon be enrolled as a Soldier.

H. Tutte, Staff Captain

A Village Revival

It was a Desperate Outlook at first, but Prayer and Faith Prevailed and Victory Came

As a young Officer I was sent to a small Corps in Newfoundland, which was eleven miles distant from the nearest port of call for the little coasting steamer which afforded the sole connecting link with the outside world. The population of the village was about four hundred and much wickedness abounded. There was no Officers' Quarters, the Soldiers had all backslidden and the people were inclined to be unfriendly.

The prospects looked very uninviting, but I asked the Lord to direct me and set out to find someone who would take me into their home. I came across an old man, the father of the former Sergeant Major of the Corps, who had gone away from the village and grown as I had talked and prayed with him he said I could have his son's house rent free if I could not raise any money.

I felt sure that God meant me to do a good work in that village and that this was the first sign of His working. Night after night I went out alone and preached in the street, and day after day I visited the people and dealt faithfully with them about their sins.

But I had no meeting place and the conviction grew on me that nothing much could be done until there was a Hall in which the people could gather. I asked

Incident Competition

The three prizes offered for the best incidents have been awarded to Field Major Hoddinott, Ensign Shaw and Captain Stratton

the people if they would bring me logs and give me time to pay for them. They responded well to the appeal, bringing enough logs each day until I had enough to build a Hall. Then I got men to volunteer to saw them, raised enough money to pay for some nails and the building operations commenced. When at last the Hall was completed, I stood on my head for joy.

The Hall was crowded on the opening night and many were unable to get in. The Meeting concluded with a number at the Penitent Form and every Sunday after that more got saved. When I fared well there was a flourishing Corps of sixty Soldiers in that village. The remembrance of this victory has always encouraged me to hope for a revival at even the hardest of hard goes.

T. Hoddinott, Field Major

The Fare Wasn't Sumptuous But the Guests were Happy

It was a few days before Christmas and the Captain and Lieutenant of the Corps at B— sat in their Quarters trying to decide on the kind of treat to give the children who came to the Meetings, no matter what the weather, and the winters were long and cold in that part of Canada.

It was the Lieutenant's first Christmas away from home, but she was not cast down, though she had to content herself with a small home-made gift for the loved ones at home.

As the Officers sat by the stove late that night and counted their slender resources, they planned to give the children a Christmas dinner and present each one with a small gift.

They begged some beans, which, nicely cooked and with plenty of good brown bread, made a very appetizing meal. The children came and it did the Officers' hearts good to see how happy and grateful they were. A merrier crowd could hardly be found that night, not even where the fare was more sumptuous.

The Lieutenant of those days has helped at many a Christmas dinner since then, but never has she been more blessed than at the "beanfeast at B—."

A. Sims,
(Mrs.) Brigadier.

Cheering an Immigrant

"Whoso giveth a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose his reward"

Captain A— had stopped over at X— on her way to a new appointment, and was staying with the Officer in charge of the Social Department. On her way upstairs the day after she arrived she saw through a half-open door the figure of a lad seated at a table. One glance was enough to convince her that he was in trouble, such a look of hopeless despair was on his face. Going downstairs, she enquired about him and found that he had only come to Canada in the spring and had done well until he became ill and was sent to the hospital. The money he had saved soon disappeared in hospital and doctor's fees and he tramped the streets looking for work, but was unsuccessful. He had come to the Army as a last resource and they had given him a room.

The Captain's kind heart was filled with pity and taking a dollar bill from her slender purse, she slipped it into an envelope with a little note of encouragement and about him and found that he would pray for him. Slipping upstairs she pushed the envelope under the door and hurried down again.

The next evening as she was leaving for her appointment the Social Officer handed her a letter. Opening it she found it to be a note from the lad, thanking her for her gift and telling her that he had got a job and was starting that day. He finished with, "And may your kind heart bring you great happiness." It did, for what happiness is there to equal the joy of service for others.

Margaret Stratton
Captain

Thwarting the Burglars

Happy Outcome of Buttonholing a Man on the Street

While I was conducting Meetings in a Saskatchewan town some time ago a young man, who was attracted by the Open-Air gathering, came to the Hall and yielded to God at the Mercy Seat. He confessed to being a burglar and a pickpocket. I heard that he came regularly to the Meetings for some time after

that and to all appearances was getting on well spiritually. Then he left town to go to work on a farm.

When fair time came round I was on a visit to this town again, and met the young man on the street. I, of course, made enquiries as to how he was getting on in his soul and he confessed that he had backslid. I asked him to come to the Meeting and he promised to do so.

Just before Meeting time he arrived at the Officers' Quarters, where he confessed to the Captain that he and two more had planned to rob a house that night. He said he could not rest after the talk on the street and had resolved to tell the Chief of Police of the intended burglary so that it could be frustrated.

The Captain encouraged him in his resolve, so the Chief was duly informed. The man was told to go through with his part in the burglary, police lying in wait to catch the culprits. The plan worked splendidly, and the two men were safely landed in jail. The ringleader turned out to be an international crook and he got a three year sentence, the other man getting one year.

The man whose conscience had troubled him so that he could not do the crime he had contemplated, came to the Army Hall and publicly gave his heart to God. He went back to honest toil on the farm and we believe, to live a life pleasing to God.

R. Shaw, Ensign.

Saved From Crime

In the Nick of Time

A young man who was head book-keeper for a large firm in a city of Eastern Canada had to give up his position on account of ill health. His doctor advised him to change his occupation. He came West, but failed to get employment and for several days he walked the streets of Regina, hungry and despairing. As he afterwards confessed, he was often tempted to smash a shop window or commit some other petty crime in order to be sent to jail, where he would at least be housed and fed. One night when wandering about contemplating some such act he was attracted by a procession of Salvationists. He followed them to the Citadel. The Commissioner was conducting a special Meeting that night and among the penitents at the Mercy Seat was this young man. The Corps Officer ascertained his destitute condition and sent him to the Men's Social, where he was given a bed and his meals for several weeks until he found a situation.

He became a Salvationist and his special delight in Open-Air work and the teaching of the Young People. This is a splendid instance of the close inter-relationship of our Field and Social Work.

J. Beatty, Commandant



OUTWARDLY there was little to denote it was the Christmas season. The trees were as green as the greenest tree in summer, and King Sol did not depart from his usual habit of ninety-four degrees in the shade because it was December 25th. The stores had made their display of toys and goods for St. Nicholas Eve, December 5th, which event is especially commemorated by Holland people (Java is part of the Dutch Indies Territory), so by the 25th, our accustomed date, the shop windows failed as reminders.

In spite of the absence of these usual Christmas evidences, the feeling was with us, and we were determined to have a proper Yuletide.

First we went to the store people and asked for money or goods so that we might make the inmates of our various situations happy. I went with a Norwegian Captain to a Chinese and Arabian

district. My first question was, "Do you speak English?" The answer was usually "No." often accompanied by a smile which is half the battle won when out collecting. The Captain would then ask in Malay (she had been here six years), and I would contribute a few dumb motions, pointing to what we wanted. The storekeepers responded very well, and we had to get two coolies to carry the things.

After the collecting came the shopping. This was quite a business, for we had to buy a suitable piece of clothing for each of the Hospital patients.

Two days before Christmas the Sisters wrapped and addressed the parcels. Then there was the dressing of the large Christmas tree given to us by a converted Chinese lady who was a former eye patient.

Christmas Eve, our work all done, we invited the Officers of Semarang to a

social gathering. We were surely a representative group—English, Scotch, Australian, Norwegian, German, Swedish, Dutch, American and Japanese. There was no difficulty in believing it was Christmas when the steaming plum pudding was brought in.

Christmas morning we were at the European prison by 7 a.m. A special favor had been granted the men awaiting trial, so we were allowed to have a Meeting with them. When we entered the courtyard, instead of finding men in prison garb, seventeen well-dressed men rose to meet us. At the conclusion of the Bible-reading I asked those who would like to live a new life to raise their hands. Up shot the seventeen like one man. Several in this sorry group wept; it was indeed a touching sight. They were very grateful for the Bible or Scripture calendar we gave to each.

Two of the young men hailed from New York. Under the influence of drink they had taken a lady's suit-case from an hotel, and were awaiting their trial. They promised, when released, to come and visit us at the Hospital.

Immediately following this Meeting we went into the chapel, where the regular prison services were held. This had been tastefully decorated by the prisoners with garlands and flowers in honor of our visit. We found a singing company had been formed of about thirty men prisoners, and

a special song sheet had been printed.

At the close of a very impressive service we gave each man a Scripture calendar. The 26th was our day with the patients. Poor things! They groped their way to the Hall where we held the Meetings and their joy was expressed in loud cheers when the Christmas-tree was lighted. Then followed a special native meal on banana leaves. When the Officers sat on the floor and ate with them in native style they gave another cheer. Strop and fruit was followed by the appearance of Santa Claus; this was the signal for another outbreak of cheering which could be heard quite a distance away. Santa Claus was very kind and gave each patient a sarong, handkerchief, or jacket. (I am sure the Ensign must have been glad to get out of that warm costume!) How acceptable the presents were can well be imagined, for many of the patients had only the clothes they were wearing when they came to us. Next day we gave a feast to the children, who numbered about thirty. Santa Claus gave them toys and clothes as well. Then we had a feast for the workers (native servants and coolies), after which we had singing and the story of Christmas.

At the Beggar Colony some three hundred beggars were given a feast and useful articles of clothing. Major Giebler, from Bandoeng, was invited as their "Special."

Many of the things marking former Christmas were missed by us, but we did find real pleasure and joy in the effort to bring happiness to others.

What Took Place in Room 112

An Officer's Memorable Experience.—By Ensign Geo. Mundy

THERE is nothing particularly interesting in the entrance of a stranger to an Army Meeting, not even when it is well started and the testimonies are in full swing. But sometimes to the commonplace and the unexpected are linked stories that make history. Such was the case on a certain Thursday night when an Officer who was leading a Meeting in a Western Canadian city glanced from the platform to the rear of the Hall as the swinging doors parted to reveal for a moment the strange and nervous face of a well dressed man.

Had Seen the Stranger

The face withdrew as hastily as it had appeared and the incident would have undoubtedly passed unheeded but for the door-keeper, who rose and left the Hall. Apparently he had seen the stranger and had gone to speak to him. The Meeting continued with characteristic Salvation Army fervor. The slight interruption was almost forgotten, but in a few moments the doorkeeper returned, accompanied by the man. "Before the announcements are made," said the leader of the Meeting, "Would anyone else like to testify." A short period of silence, then the stranger stood to his feet. "I can't say I am converted," he said, speaking in a low voice. "Although I do feel your Meeting has done me a great deal of good. I really need help tonight." He hastened to assure his listeners it was not financial help, and having said these few words, sat down. It was evident to all that the speaker had been drinking, and although fairly well recovered from a "bout" was in a terribly nervous state. Clean and tidy in appearance and well spoken, he carried himself with an air of superiority notwithstanding his condition. How sympathetic everyone felt. Each Salvationist's face revealed a keen desire to immediately kneel down and pray for him.

Stayed By His Side

The ever alert door-keeper stayed right by his side. Soon the opportunity for prayer came, earnestness, power, happiness, expectancy, sorrow and faith were manifested, but the stranger would not yield. Eventually the Meeting closed, but the door-keeper still held on to his man and, pushing his way through the crowd presented him to the Officer with the words, "ere Captin, 'ave a tawk wid this brother." His cockney face wreathed in smiles and looking as if he believed the Officer could work the needed miracle, or at any rate could "fix up" the stranger to the entire satisfaction of everybody present. "Alright Brother, show our friend into the office, I'll be there in a moment."

"Captain, I've made a fool of myself," were the words that greeted the Officer immediately he entered and had closed the door.

"Well that's unfortunate, but what can we do to help," replied the Officer. "Can you do me a favor," returned the man.

This request was made so earnestly and with so much feeling that the Officer immediately rejected a suspicion which for an instant had crept into his mind, and replied, "Yes, I will if I can my friend."

"Then, I'd like you to send off a couple of wires for me, I'm not myself tonight and don't feel able to write them."

Will Wait at Hotel

While this conversation went on, the stranger held his hat in his hand and now stood to his feet as if to go. Interpreting this action to mean an immediate journey to a telegraph office, the Officer interrupted the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was cleared and a few necessary details attended to, adding that he would then gladly accompany the man and see that the "wires" were properly dispatched. "Well Captain," said the stranger, "I'll tell you what, I'm staying at the K. G." naming the

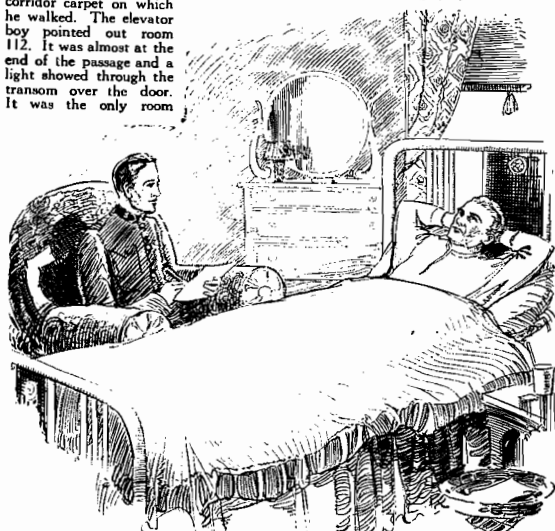
city's finest hotel, "Room 112, and if you'll promise to come I'll go right over now and wait for you."

"Very well, you may expect me in ten minutes," was the reply and without another word the man left the office.

It would be difficult to describe the Captain's feelings or the play of his imagination as the elevator shot upwards to the floor on which was room 112. It was now quite late and very quiet. The only sound was a soft crunch of the corridor carpet on which he walked. The elevator boy pointed out room 112. It was almost at the end of the passage and a light showed through the transom over the door. It was the only room

and taking his eyes from the ceiling, looked squarely at the Officer. "Of course this message is strictly confidential Captain, I can trust you," he said, not that he really doubted, but simply to re-assure himself.

"Absolutely, my friend, don't let that worry you one bit," was the reply. Back to the ceiling went the eyes, the man was having a hard time to frame his message. The sentences came slowly and after intervals of several seconds.



Lying on His Back, Arms Under His Head and Staring at the Ceiling, He Commenced Gloving the Message.

lighted up at that hour of the night and toward this door the Officer made his way and knocked.

Was Lying in Bed

"Come in Captain," was the immediate answer, "sit right down here." This was said almost before he had time to enter the room. When, however, the door was shut and he had taken a hasty glance around the bedroom his eyes rested on the stranger, who was lying in bed on his back with one arm stretched out pointing to an armchair he had evidently drawn up close to the bedside in anticipation of the Officer's visit, and the other arm tucked under his head. On this arm the man's head rested restlessly from side to side. In compliance with the stranger's request the Captain seated himself without delay in the chair, making, as he did so, a brave attempt at being perfectly "at home," although if the truth were known he was trying hard to shake off a rather "creepy feeling" which had made itself felt when he entered the hotel, and which grew stronger as he was "whisked upwards" in the elevator, did not improve as he walked along the dark corridor or the springs carpet towards room 112, and which very nearly disconcerted him when he sat in the big soft armchair. It was a very low one and he fell into it rather than sat down, feeling as if he were falling through the back onto the floor. However, a glance at the man in the bed, his helpless condition, together with the Officer's keen desire to help, soon easily overcame all other feelings.

"If you are ready Captain, take this down," you'll find the telegraph forms on that dresser," indicating the position of both these articles by a nod of the head. Lying on his back, arms under his head and staring at the ceiling, he commenced giving the message. One sentence had scarcely been repeated, when he stopped,

"Now read that Captain," and almost before the Officer commenced, he kicked off all the bedclothes and jumped out onto the floor. The first time he did this the Officer sat upright with a start and followed the movement of the man, who picked up a pill from a table in the corner of the room, hastily swallowed it and jumped back into bed pulling the bedclothes over himself with one jerk.

"Just some pills for my nerves Captain," he offered as an explanation of his erratic movements.

"Go on, if you please Captain, read what you've got," and for a few moments he lay quite still staring at the ceiling while the message was slowly read.

"Is that good sense?" he asked, and upon being assured of its grammatical correctness, continued to give the message until the telegram was finished.

"Now another one Captain, not so long as the last." This message was given slowly and deliberately, read and re-read, finally it was finished to his satisfaction.

A Strange Story

The telegrams scarcely finished, the man put the question, "Would you like to hear a strange story Captain?"

"Well, yes, if you'd like me to hear it," was the answer.

"Then have a look at that club-bag."

Sitting up in bed he pointed to a large black bag at the foot by the wall. Glancing at it hurriedly and seeing nothing particularly interesting in a black club-bag, the Officer thought the man meant him to look into it, in fact, put the question, walking over to it as he spoke.

"Yes, you may if you want to," answered the man. But this was not necessary, for the Officer was examining a long

ugly slit in the top of the bag which extended almost from end to end.

"Phew," exclaimed the Officer, "That looks like knife work."

"That's just what it is," remarked the man, "I'll tell you how it happened." He had just commenced telling of parting with his wife in an Eastern city to start west on a business tour, when he stopped abruptly, off went the bedclothes again and out on the floor and over to the stack of pillows on the little table went the man. He swallowed one as if he were used to it, drank some water, lighted a cigarette, then jumped back into bed in the same old position.

Met Friendly Stranger

"Well, as I was saying, I left home with the very best intentions of making this trip a successful one from a standpoint of business. In W. I put up at a hotel and happened to meet a fellow there who was a complete stranger to me. He was particularly friendly and somehow or other I took a liking to him. We had a few drinks together, just enough to make us both feel good. We made frequent trips to my room during the day and during one of these visits my acquaintance suggested that he sleep with me that night, there being two beds in the room. I was beginning to like the fellow more all the time, and to tell the truth was secretly glad at the thought of him sharing my room, although I did think it best to remove a roll of bills from my club-bag and have them safely stowed away in the hotel safe. When this was done I felt more at ease and gave him free access to the room. In the evening he suggested that we have dinner together. I agreed and was determined to foot the bill and with this idea in mind requested my money back from the clerk. I really didn't intend taking the whole amount back, just enough for the dinner and a little extra for drinks, etc., but when I saw it before me the desire to have it in my possession got the better of me, with the result that I carried it back again to the club-bag in my room upstairs.

Very Talkative

"I was alone when I did this, or at least I thought I was. Coming downstairs again, I met my friend at the foot. He appeared delighted to see me and suggested that we eat right away. At the dinner table we affected to be very chummy and there is no doubt we were very talkative." Then he added with a look of complete disgust, "the whiskey was the worst of us both."

It was late in the evening when we went to bed. My room-mate appeared to go to sleep very quickly and it wasn't long before I dozed off. Just how long after I don't know, but I remember waking up with the idea that someone was moving about the room. The room was in darkness and I could see nobody. Switching on the light I instinctively looked toward the other bed and to my great surprise my companion was not there. Thinking he had suddenly decided to part company with me and go his own way I tried to dismiss the thought from my mind, turned off the light, climbed back into bed noticing as I did so, that my club-bag was at the foot of the bed, apparently as I had left it. After what seemed to me to be about fifteen minutes of alternate dozing and waking I thought I heard a sound in the room. Was I dreaming or was it the effect of the whiskey? Scarcely daring to breathe I lay perfectly still. My room-mate, where was he? Was he at that moment in the room? Then I thought of the money in my club-bag. With the idea of making sure, I jumped out of bed, and as I did so, the bedroom door clicked shut. Quicker than I can tell you Captain, I switched on the lights and thought of following the person who had evidently shut my door so quickly, but instead, I stood staring at the bag—

(Continued on page 20)

WHAT TOOK PLACE IN ROOM 112

(Continued from page 19)

it was slit from end to end and as I plunged my hand in to feel for the roll of bills I realized I had been robbed, the money was gone.

Had Seen No One

"Believe me I went down the stairs two at a time to the hotel clerk, but he had seen no one come down. Together we searched the place, but to no avail. There was nothing else to do but call the police. The clerk did this while I went back to my room and put on some more clothes. The police were there in a few minutes and took me along with them to a taxi stand across from the hotel. The Sergeant put a few questions to the men standing there and before I knew what was happening they had me in their car and away we raced, and racing it was. We went so fast I thought we'd break our necks for sure. There weren't many cars around at that hour of the night, but we could see one ahead of us on a bridge. The plain clothes man at the wheel stepped on the gas and in no time we were alongside and had crowded it into the gutter. Sure enough, my new found companion was in the car. He feigned innocence but he couldn't get away with it for they found the money on him. Well, the result of it all was that they kept me in the city until after the trial and my room-mate was sent down for six months. I took the first train West. I had been drinking the whole time since the robbery and the time I left the city. There was no sleep for me on the train that night. I was awfully sick and walked the coach best part of the night. The porter inquired if I was sick. I told him I was, and would give him a hundred dollars if he would get me some whiskey. How I got through that night I don't know, but I do know I asked the first man I met at the Depot here this morning, where I could get some whiskey. He took me to his home and gave me some, but I couldn't eat the breakfast he set before me and to tell the truth Captain, I've had nothing since, in fact, don't want a thing to eat and my nerves are in bad shape too. How do I look Captain?" he asked, turning in the bed and looking intently as if just expecting a favorable reply. It was evident he felt the situation keenly.

Anxious to Help Him

"Well, your eyes are rather heavy my friend, but a night's rest will work wonders I'm sure," replied the Officer. Almost before he had finished speaking, the man was out of the bed and had taken another pill. His story was nearly finished. The listener was anxious, very anxious to help him and at the moment put a question to him that had been uppermost in his mind all the time. "Now tell me Mr.—, why did you seek out the Army tonight?"

With a searching look he replied, "Well, in a way I really don't know, but I never thought for a moment of going anywhere else."

"Well how was it you came to the Meeting?"

"As I stood looking out of the Hotel window into the street wondering how it would all end, something seemed to say to me, I can't explain what it was Captain," he added, looking enquiringly as if expecting the Officer to know (the Captain was sure he knew, although he didn't break in on the man's story. "Something said to me," he went on, "the Sal-

vation Army. Well, I wandered down the street in a vague kind of way, not knowing where to go. Some chap told me where the Hall was and that is how I came to look in at the door."



He Feigned Innocence but couldn't Get Away With It

"Was that your first visit to an Army Meeting?" asked the Officer.

"The last time was when my mother took me. I was just a boy then, in the city of Toronto. It would have been better for me if I had always gone where she went," he added thoughtfully.

"Is she still alive?" He shook his head, his eyes filled quickly with tears, he made no effort to hide them, but went on speaking.

"She believed in me, the family were all at her bedside when she went, they told me afterwards that her last words were, 'Tell Jim I know he will be alright.' You know Captain, she seemed to have faith in me." Then he stopped for a moment and lay quite still. The Officer was praying earnestly for wisdom, for the right words. How helpless he felt.

Before him in the bed was a defeated soul, a perfect stranger, well educated, a keen business man, an attractive personality, yet absolutely a slave. All this flashed through the Officer's mind in a second. The man was speaking again—he was asking questions. "Is there any hope for me, what must I do?" He fixed his eyes on the Officer's with a look that seemed to say, "If you can't tell me,

promptly knelt at the side of the bed. Without another word the man was out, and kneeling at the other side, his face buried in his arms.

There have been a great many Prayer Meetings held under unique circumstances. Times when God came in mighty power to the weakest of His creatures and made them strong, and here in the bedroom of a fashionable hotel two men were praying. Down below in the street a few cabbies bent their steps homeward, street cars rattled noisily over the points, automobiles sped swiftly along, a clock in a tower chimed out the morning hours—up above in the hotel room a man was sobbing quietly, then he would lift his head and stare across the room. Dropping his head again he would cry, "Oh God forgive and help me, for Christ's sake, for Christ's sake."

The Captain had prayed several times, it seemed that to do anything else but pray would have been sacrilegious, so sacred was the place and occasion. Suddenly, the man rose to his feet. "Captain," he said, his voice was strong now, he seemed to have become settled in his mind, "I'll go through with this." The Captain was going to speak, but he broke in. "I've tried before, but not this way, and I'll ask you to pray for me sometimes, for I shall need your prayers." As he said this, the old look of dread crept into his face for just a second, he was thinking of the terrible fights of the past.

Strangely Quiet and Restful

A few minutes later the Officer turned out all the lights in the room but one, straightened out the bedclothes in a half clumsy effort to be motherly and bent over the man, the new man, a man strangely quiet and restful, a man who seemed to have emerged from a terrible struggle, something that had taken all his strength, and to have conquered.

"Goodnight Mr.— God bless you," he said, then walking to the door stood there, cap in hand, looking towards the bed.

"Goodnight Captain, thanks ever so much," and then as he suddenly remembered, "you won't forget to send those wires for me."

The clock in the hotel rotunda pointed to 2.30 a.m. The Captain remembered glancing at it when he first entered the hotel on his way to room 112. It was then 10.15, he had been upstairs more than four hours, yet how quickly the time had gone.

A few moments later and the messages were being flashed over the wires, but long before they reached their destination, a message of a much different character had been carried by the angels to the skies. The joyful announcement that a wanderer had come home, a sinner had repented. All the way home the Army Captain was asking himself the question, "Why the Army?" and yet he couldn't help feel that he was beginning to understand, WHY.

A Mountain Tragedy And the Vow to God which led to Salvation Service

Salvation service and Alpine mountaineering seem subjects as wide apart as the poles. In one instance at least there was a close connection. A Swiss lady, accompanied by a gentleman friend, set out one sunny morning to climb a mountain in the Alps. The trail was perilous in the extreme and the hikers after the particular form of pleasure were confronted with dangerous cracks in the glacier.

Suddenly the lady's companion missed his footing and wildly clutching at jagged fragments of ice, hurtled from crag to crag until his body was dashed to the depths of the crevice below. The state of the survivor may well be imagined and in terrible distress she knelt just where she was and prayed for several hours. She promised if she was spared she would give her life to God in the Salvation Army.

With the utmost difficulty she made her way down the tortuous trails to the foot of the mountain, but safety was reached at last and she found her way back to the place where she was staying.

Not long after this distressing event a seeker knelt at the Penitent Form in a certain Army Corps. It was the lady mountaineer of our story, she had come to pay her vow to God.

ARMY TRIUMPHS IN SWEDEN

(Continued from page 16)

deaf, dumb and blind was started and thirty Officers are now engaged in this blessed work, which is carried on in eight various Districts, with one Deaf and Dumb Officer in each District. For a number of years the work has been supported by the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Society, each one of the members paying a quarterly fee of one crown. This branch of the work also publishes a paper, "Edafa," with a circulation of 7,200 copies a quarter.

The work among the Lapps and other inhabitants in Jamtland, Harjedalen and the mountain districts, commenced in 1897 and has been a great spiritual blessing.

The Young People's Meetings are developing. Company Meetings are organized every Corps and about 26,000 children are registered. In the Young People's Work in Sweden are about 5,000 Junior Soldiers, 1,200 Corps Cadets, 1,300 Life Saving Scouts, 160 Life Saving Guards and 160 Chums and about 2,000 Company Leaders and Local Officers. The Young People's Work publishes two papers, "Den Unges Soldat," a weekly paper with special regard to the younger

children and "Korsfanan," aiming to be "the older children's" paper, and which is published once a month.

The Salvation Army in Sweden has had the great privilege of sending a considerable number of Officers to other countries. During 1891, six Officers went to India, five to Finland and two to South America. At a big Missionary Meeting in the beginning of the year 1914, the General sent apart fifty Officers for foreign warfare. Swedish Officers are now working in the following countries: Norway, Finland, Germany, Great Britain, Canada, the United States, Brazil, Korea, South America, India, Ceylon, China and Dutch East Indies.

Through the statements here made about the Army in Sweden, which, so far as its population is concerned, is a small country, it is clear, that the operations of the Salvation Army during a period of about forty years have shown a steady and remarkable development. The great victories won in the "War" are the work of the Lord. He has been faithful to His people and carried His Soldiers triumphantly to victory. But the Officers, who have consecrated themselves to the holy "War," have also in a high respect done their part in fighting the enemy. They have in all circumstances been true to the colors, through hardships, persecution and suffering.

On that path the Salvation Army shall also in the future fight against the powers of darkness, restoring the Kingdom of God and bringing blessing to the people.

The Dance Collapsed Bold Tactics of Australian Salvationists Win the Day

Boldness in attacking the foe is an undisputed heritage of the Salvationist. Wherever you go you will find men and women of the "Blood and Fire" spirit who amaze the world, thwart the devil and bring glory to the name of God by their holy "carry-all-before-them" front-line advances.

A party of Salvationists were conducting Meetings at different outlying villages in a certain district of the Australian bush country, when, while pushing their way on to the next Station, they suddenly happened on a dance in full swing in a small bush town.

Retreat did not occur to the attacking Salvationists, and there was no room for a dance and Salvation Meeting at the same time. Advance was the only possible solution to the situation and this they did—to the utter rout of the foe. With the striking up of the first Army song the dance collapsed and the Salvationist crusaders won the day.

Snatched from the brink of Hell

The old man whom an Officer was called to visit was a pitiable object and had a terrible confession to make, but peace came to his soul ere his eyes closed in death

By Adjutant Tom Mundy

BR-RR BR-RR. The telephone spoke in an Officer's Quarters. It was Sunday noon, dinner almost ready. The Officer, an Ensign stationed in one of our small, but progressive Western Corps, lifted the receiver, and before he could give the familiar "Hello," a gruff, yet anxious voice enquired, "Is that the Army Captain?" "Yes," came the ready reply. "Well this is 'P' manager of the Hotel right. Old Dad 'C' is in a bad way, the Doctor says he's going West, he's asked for you, you'd better come along and see him and make it snappy he's nearly all in." "Right sir! I'll come now," and

up a chair to the bedside he silently waited.

A few moments passed, it seemed longer—old Dad "C" was thinking. He could travel a long way back. He had been born in 1849 in a little frontier town in the Southern States, he had spent a rough boyhood, all he remembered was drink, fights, horse stealing, lynching, and very little, if any, schooling, a very vague remembrance he had of home influence. A sigh escaped from his lips, then, turning his weary eyes upon the Officer he commenced: "I had a poor start in life, remember little about parents, as a young man I went wild, I rustled cattle and went from bad to worse. Came across my old father when I was about twenty, found him ill in bed, that night he asked me to sleep with him and during the night pleaded for a drink of water. I was drunk and I kicked him out of bed on the floor." He paused as though he was living through

Already the shadows of the evening were stealing across the sky, and with the gathering darkness, the little room became darker still, and it seemed as though the guilty past brought a darkness "which could be felt" into the heart of this aged man. Then, as though he had gained sufficient strength for this moment he turned again his eyes on the Officer and asked, "Can God forgive a murderer?" These unexpected words burned themselves into the very heart of the Officer, a shudder passed over him, he had not expected this. Many a strange position he had been in during the past few years, but never had he faced a man like this.

Gambling and Gunplay

"I have killed men in my day," he added. "It was in the early days when things were wild, away down in the town of 'E' in the States. There was gambling, a fight, gunplay, then I fled, crossed the border into Canada, and travelled north. Forty miles from here I homesteaded and during the past forty years I have lived the life of a haunted man. No one else was accused for my crime, they could not, or did not want to find me. Then a week ago I was taken sick, the Doctor came and I heard him say, 'He's all in Boss, he'll never get out of that bed alive!' Since then I have lived all the past again I've seen it all and the more I've thought of it the more certain I feel that God cannot forgive me, it may be alright for you folks, but not for the likes of me."

The heavy breathing told of the strain this confession had been upon him. The little room became darker as the evening shades covered the earth without. It seemed as though the very impacts of Hell were there to torment this dying man and bring before him as a panorama his guilty past. The Officer drew his handkerchief and wiped his perspiring brow. What an experience! Alone in that little dark room with a self-confessed murderer, "O! God what can I tell him?" he thought.

Strains of Music

Through the stillness of the Sabbath evening came the peal of the church bells calling their members to worship; but a sound caught the ears of both the Officer and his dying friend, it was the beat of the Army drum and the strains of an old hymn played by a few faithful Soldiers in a near-by street. The music brought hope, and hope restored faith, then from

his pocket the Ensign drew a well-worn Bible and from its living truths repeated the oft quoted words, "He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, etc." Over and over again such verses were repeated until the very atmosphere of the little room seemed changed. Outside the people could be seen wending their way to Church and all seemed well; little did they realise that in that little darkened room a fight for the soul of a man for whom their Master had died, was being waged. Could they have but peeped into the room then, they would have found the Officer on his knees beside the sick bed, his hand in that of the aged man's, his voice in earnest supplication to the Sinner's Friend, pleading for the light of the forgiving assurance. Only a few short hours at the most, and this poor dying soul must pass beyond the reach, either of God's saving grace or the Tempter's haunting power. After all, must the Tempter win? Was not the man repentant, otherwise he would have preferred to pass out with sealed lips to wait the last clear trumpet call of God. "It was sorrow that had caused him to confess. It was dread of the future that had urged him to call for the Officer and reveal his past as the sands of life were rapidly running out.

He Waits to Forgive

"Dad, won't you believe it?" entreated the Officer, "He died for you, and waits to forgive and forget." Gradually over that sin-scarred face passed a different expression. The "Silent Witness" to this strange scene was making His gracious presence felt, and the faint light of Hope was beginning to dawn along the black skyline of the "almost" lost soul. Weary and spent with the extra exertion, the aged man closed his eyes, but his lips were moving. Nearer the Officer stooped and just then, the eyes opened and a voice faint and faltering exclaimed, "I see it, Cap. I believe it, He died for me!" As a little child he has passed out of the land of sin's condemnation into the peaceful habitation of trust. Over his tired face came the expression of peace and his restful breathing told the Officer that he had fallen asleep. Out of the room, into the gathering night the Officer passed, no longer questioning the man's Salvation. He had confessed! He had believed! He had been saved! The assurance of the Saviour's presence had been very real. Christ had triumphed! The Tempter had lost his servant of so many years.

In the early hours of the following morning the telephone spoke again in that Officer's Quarters. It was the night watchman at the hotel, to say he had just gone in to see how old

Dad "C" was getting on and he had found him dead. The Officer hung up the receiver, sighed a sigh of relief, not sorrow. Old Dad "C" had slipped away, at night into the land
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There Was Gambling, a Fight, Gunplay.

the Officer grabbed his cap and passed out into the streets without even informing his wife. In a few minutes he found himself being directed up the creaking stairs and along an ill-lighted passage; then the manager pointed to the end room and said, "You'll find the old fellow in there."

A Dark and Tiny Room

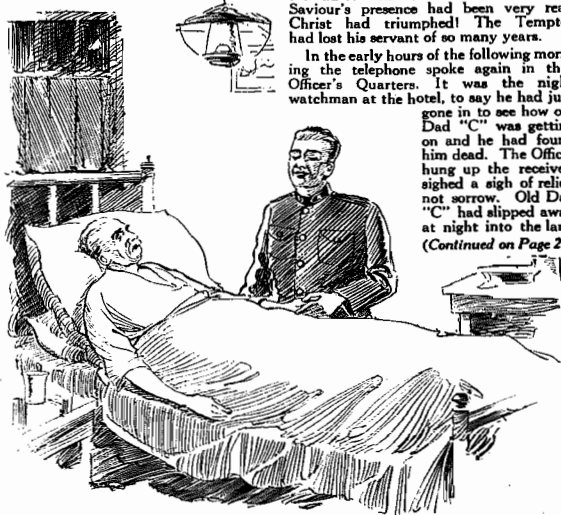
Opening the door and softly entering, the Officer found himself in a tiny room, even darker than the passage without, and in a bed, propped up with pillows was an old bearded man whose hair had long since turned grey with the cares of his long pilgrimage since 1849. Approaching the bedside the Officer stooped down and quietly said "Well Dad, I'm sorry to see you this way, I understand you wished me to see you, what can I do for you?" "Ahl that's it," replied the aged man with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to see you alright lad, the Doctor tells me I'm 'all in' and as you seemed to be the only fellow that ever passed me a cheery word on the street, I thought you wouldn't mind me troubling you." Then the Officer recalled the picture of the old man he had so often seen standing near the Open-Air service, paying unusual attention to the Meeting and also remembered speaking to him as he passed along the street. Just a word, a smile, and God Bless you, that was all, it had reached further than the old man's ears, it had touched his heart. He had never entered church since the day he led the girl of his choice to the altar—the Army Open-Air service had been his place of worship.

The Officer could plainly see that the old man was eager to speak, so drawing

the experience again, then he continued: "Captain, I heard you boys say something about reaping and sowing, only last night one of my own boys who was born before his mother and I were married found me in this room, he slept with me, he was the worse for drink and I asked him for some water, then he cursed me and kicked me out on to the floor. Captain, I feel I'm passing out, and before I do I want to confess my sins to you, and after you've heard perhaps you'll change your mind about God forgiving as I've heard you say, you'll think as I do, that I'm too bad." Another pause and another shake of the grey old head that had braved life's storms for seventy-five years. The expression on this dying man's face assured the Officer that he was face to face with a man who felt himself beyond even the far-reaching hand of God, and it would be no small task to bring him into the assurance of the Saviour's peace.

"I've Been Bad."

Once again the fast closing eyes were opened upon the Officer and the now feeble voice continued, "Yes, Cap, mine has been a rough voyage, I want to confess my sins to you, I'll tell you all, I've been bad." He would have gone straight on had not the Officer tenderly laid his hand on the arm of this sinking man and quietly said, "Dad, it is not necessary for you to confess to me, you must confess the past to God. He alone can forgive and forget." "Ah, but I must tell you, I must tell you, that's why I sent for you." The Officer saw it was no use to interfere and that it would evidently ease the old man's mind, so without further interruption he waited.



"Cap, I believe it, He Died for Me."

Jennie? I ain't never handled kids—how can I keep him?" Again he paused—thinking and thinking—until again a sound broke the stillness. It was his own voice, once more repeating—"unto us a son is given—"

Suddenly he straightened and his eyes flashed. "I'll do it, by cracky, I'll keep him, Jennie, I'll keep him, by—"

This time he was sure that the gray eyes had smiled into his own.

"Don't know how I'll fix it, but I will, somehow. What you say goes with me, Jennie. Always did, old girl—getting too old to have my own way now. Besides his name's John James—John James, Junior—sounds pretty good to me, by cracky!"

Unaccustomed hands attended to the needs of John James, Junior, that Christmas night. He occupied the Sergeant-Major's bed, while John James, Senior, snatched a few hours of broken sleep in the spare room.

The Song Stopped

The Christmas morning service at the Williamsport Corps did not run according to schedule. The first song was interrupted by the Sergeant-Major, who walked to the front seat with a baby in his arms. The Captain signalled to the Lieutenant to keep the singing going while he stepped to the side of the somewhat pitiful but very determined figure. But it was no use—the song just naturally stopped.

"Want you to dedicate this baby, Captain," said John James, Senior.

"Why, er—certainly, Sergeant-Major," said the astonished Captain—"but whose baby is he?"

"He's mine!"

Constitution reigned! Widow Fain started forward, but drew back at the look in the Sergeant-Major's eyes.

"I found him on my doorstep last night, and I'm going to keep him. His name is John James, Junior."

"But Sergeant-Major," said the Captain, puzzled and distressed—"you can't

"SHE said to keep him," was the stern reply, "and what SHE says goes."

Everyone recognized the finality of the statement.

"Make out the certificate 'John James, Junior' until I can add 'Thomas' to it, which will be just as soon as Lawyer Grant can fix the papers."

Thus the advent of John James, Junior. How Widow Fain and the League of Mercy mothered the child—how the Corps adopted him as their own particular property—the untiring delight and devotion of the Sergeant-Major are only incidental to our story, although by no means incidental to the process of "raising" John James, Junior. The Thomas Lumber Company had a new significance for its president.

"Someone to leave it to, now," he exulted, as he surveyed the ever-increasing piles of hardwood and cross-ties. The Christmas Eve tryst with Jennie was kept as faithfully as before, but by two instead of one. The kindly face and the gray eyes over the mantle played a tremendous part in the life of the growing lad. As he emerged, as most boys do, into Grade School days, a new problem faced the Sergeant-Major.

A High School Needed

"We need a High School in this town, badly," he reasoned. "Want to keep the boy around here as long as possible. He'll get away to college soon enough," which is the reason why the Williamsport High School was erected, and why so much of the material was donated by the president of the Williamsport Lumber Company.

With the passing of the years, the future of John James, Junior, was a constantly recurring question in the mind of the Sergeant-Major.

"Getting pretty old, now," he mused, as he sat in his office at the lumber company, staring out of the west window from which he could see the corner of the new High School building. "The boy will be going to college next year. Like him to sit in my chair when I'm through, but he's got to make his own decision—a lad ain't raised right who can't make his own decisions."

JOHN JAMES, JUNIOR

(Continued from page 2)

The Christmas season separated the close of the high school term at which John James, Junior, graduated, and the commencement of the New Year term at the State University at Alexis. Christmas Eve found father and son keeping tryst by the light of the blazing log, and the glow of an unseen, but very real presence. Once more the year had been faithfully reviewed—once more the gray eyes over the mantle had smiled encouragement and trust. The Book had been opened and read, and a long silence had filled the room, to be broken at length by the Sergeant-Major who inquired.

"I guess you'll be deciding soon what course you want to take at college, eh, boy?"



"If I have the deciding, I've already decided, Dad," was the quiet reply.

"It's your decision, boy—it's your decision," was the equally quiet rejoinder.

"Well, then, I want to be a doctor, Dad."

There was a long silence in the room of many memories, broken only by the crackling of the logs. The boy glanced curiously at the gray-haired figure in the red gurnsey, and found that the eyes of the old man were upon the picture. Presently a smile overspread the worn features, and a muttered exclamation escaped his lips.

"Well, by cracky! But SHE says it's alright, and what SHE says goes. It's your decision, boy—yours and hers."

"I hope you're not disappointed, Dad," said the boy.

"No, not exactly disappointed, but I'm sure some surprised boy, some surprised—but then you've been a surprise ever since the day God sent you to me. Never thought of you being a Doctor! You must have been doing some thinking, boy!"

"Yes, Dad," replied the boy, "I've been thinking, and I'm thinking a long ways into the future, too."

"Into the future, eh. What—" but the old man stopped, for it was the boy's eyes that were now fastened upon the picture.

The college years sped rapidly by, and were filled with hard work and hardly won triumphs for John James, Junior. The reaction of the boy to the college life does not form part of this story. That would be a story in itself. Suffice it to say, that the Salvation Army shield that was pinned to the lapel of his coat by Widow Fain was not removed, neither was it disgraced. The Sergeant-Major was filled with eagerness for the day when the boy would "hang out his shingle" and when Williamsport would have an "honest-to-goodness doctor of its own, by cracky!"

Never had the gray eyes over the mantle smiled so lovingly as on the Christmas Eve when the Sergeant-Major kept his first tryst with Jennie and "Doctor Jack."

"Can't help feeling some proud of you, son." His voice had broken one of those long silences which seemed so much in keeping with this room.

to welcome Dr. Jack home again, and the Christmas morning service was full of holy joy.

"I heard from Dr. Jack," said the Adjutant, and this was evidently the signal for which these loving and loyal hearts had waited. Was he not their own? Didn't the League of Mercy "raise" him?

"I thank you for your welcome home," said the Doctor, "and I suppose you have been wondering what I intend to do with my life, now that the school days are over. Well, I wondered myself for quite a long time. But I have come to a decision—and I wanted that you, Comrades of this Corps, should hear that decision today. I have not even told the Sergeant-Major what I am about to tell you."

There was a silence in the citadel. Eager eyes looked into the face of the square-shouldered young man who stood upon the platform. Widow Fain leaned forward and cupped her ear with a trembling hand. The Sergeant-Major sat in silence, his eyes upon the boy.

Where Need Is Greatest

"Friends, I suppose you have concluded that I would be staying in Williamsport, but the more I have thought of the needs of the world outside Williamsport, and beyond America, the more I have been led to the conclusion that I should offer my life to the Army for service in the foreign field—China—Java—anywhere, where the need is greatest."

Again a silence, broken by a choking sob from the League of Mercy corner, and the strides of the Sergeant-Major as he crossed the platform and flung his arm around the shoulder of the boy. The voice of the old man was husky with emotion as he faced the audience and said:

"SHE told me to keep him, by cracky! SHE told me to keep him."

For the second time in his life John James, Junior, had upset the Christmas morning service of the Williamsport Corps.

When in doubt, pray! The Adjutant had long ago learned that lesson, and it stood him in good stead at that time.

"Shall we bow our heads and pray," he suggested. This seemed to be the only thing to do at that moment, and as the sound of his "amen" died away, the voice of the Sergeant-Major was heard repeating the words, in reverent monotone—"For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given."

Tied to the Ceiling

The Army, through the grace of God, has been enabled to save from degradation and despair, great numbers of women in Japan, and the following amazing story shows how a girl, subjected to monstrous cruelty by her father, was assisted to a happy life.

Her mother, it seems, died, leaving three children behind and their lot, though not easy before, became desperate. The father was a wrestler by profession and a very callous and cruel man. One day this inhuman monster, enraged at some trifling offence on the part of his daughter, bound her with ropes and suspended her from the ceiling of the room. In this painful position he left her for some weeks.

The police, however, got to hear of the father's wicked ways, and took his daughter away from him, handing her over to the care of the Salvation Army. The girl was kindly treated, trained to domestic service, and is now happily situated, in the home of a Christian gentleman. Last seen, she was attending an Army Meeting, dressed in neat European clothes, and related her story to an Officer. "I am now so happy," she said.

SNATCHED FROM THE BRINK OF HELL

(Continued from Page 21)

of endless day. He had passed "out" to pass "in" and the joybells in heaven were pealing their merry chimes and the angels were chanting their hymns of praise to "Luther and brought back His own." In the quietness of the early morning hour when the members of the family were fast asleep the Officer drew again from his pocket the well-worn Bible, and turning to James V verse 20, he read, "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."



The Salvation Army in Outline



WHAT IT IS!

THE SALVATION ARMY is a body of men and women who know their sins forgiven and are bound by a loving purpose—to proclaim the Gospel of Christ to all. It seeks chiefly the common people and those untouched by religion, aiming to make religion where there was none before.

Its Officers choose a life of comparative poverty that they may serve and bless. They visit the sick, pray with the dying, comfort the sorrowing, feed the hungry, care for the homeless, save the drunkard and the erring; in short, are, for Christ's sake, "Servants of All."

Founded by **WILLIAM AND CATHERINE BOOTH** in July, 1865, in East London, the Society was called "The Christian Mission," and spread to many English cities. In 1878 adopting a military plan of organization, with uniform and other distinctive features, it became The Salvation Army.

When the Founder died, in 1912, it was at work in fifty-nine countries and colonies, including France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Denmark, Holland, the United States, India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Japan, Korea, the Dutch Indies, South Africa, South America, and the West Indies.

It is now (1925) established in eighty-one countries and colonies, and its Officers are proclaiming the Gospel in fifty-three languages.

The present General is **WILLIAM BRAMWELL BOOTH**, son of the Founder. For nearly forty years he was intimately associated with the Founder in the direction of the work, and he has been helped and strengthened in all his activities by Mrs. Booth.

TEACHINGS

THE ARMY teaches those essential truths which concern Salvation: That all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; that He calls all to repent of sin; that those who truly repent and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour are pardoned and by faith receive the assurance that God adopts them into His family.

That God is not only able to save, but also to cleanse the soul, taking away every desire contrary to His will.

That He baptizes the believing soul with the Holy Ghost, giving power to maintain the fight against sin, and constraint to seek the souls of others.

That after a man has been born of the Spirit of God, it is possible for him knowingly to grieve and rebel against the Holy Spirit, and thus fall away from grace and be lost. That Christ is coming again, to judge the world. That Heaven is the eternal abode of the righteous and Hell of the wicked.

GOVERNMENT

THE ARMY is governed according to a military system. The General is Commander-in-Chief of its world-wide operations. Special Officers, whom he selects, assist him in the general direction of The Army from International Headquarters in London.



The work, in each country, is under the command of some one Officer, who is usually known as a Territorial Commander.

The unit of The Army's formation is the Corps, of which there may be one or more in any city. Each of these is under the direction of a Commanding Officer who is sometimes assisted by one or more Lieutenants.

For administrative purposes there are set up at the different Headquarters various Boards of advice, limited in their powers to the matters referred to them, and having no authority such as would hinder an Officer in the discharge of his duties or in carrying out useful schemes. Officers and Soldiers alike are governed by the "Orders and Regulations" issued for their guidance.

SOCIAL WORK

SPECIAL Departments for providing shelter for the homeless and employment for the workless, for reclaiming the criminal and fallen, for assisting suitable people to other lands, finding them employment there, and exercising a wise after-care over them, comprise what is known as the Social Work. The means used to alleviate temporal misery have a spiritual end in view; a change of heart, by the grace of God, being regarded by Salvationists as the only foundation of true and permanent upliftment. A separate Report of these branches of The Army's work is issued annually.



THE SALVATION ARMY OFFICER IS THE SANTA CLAUS OF THE POOR IN MANY HOMES THROUGHOUT WESTERN CANADA.